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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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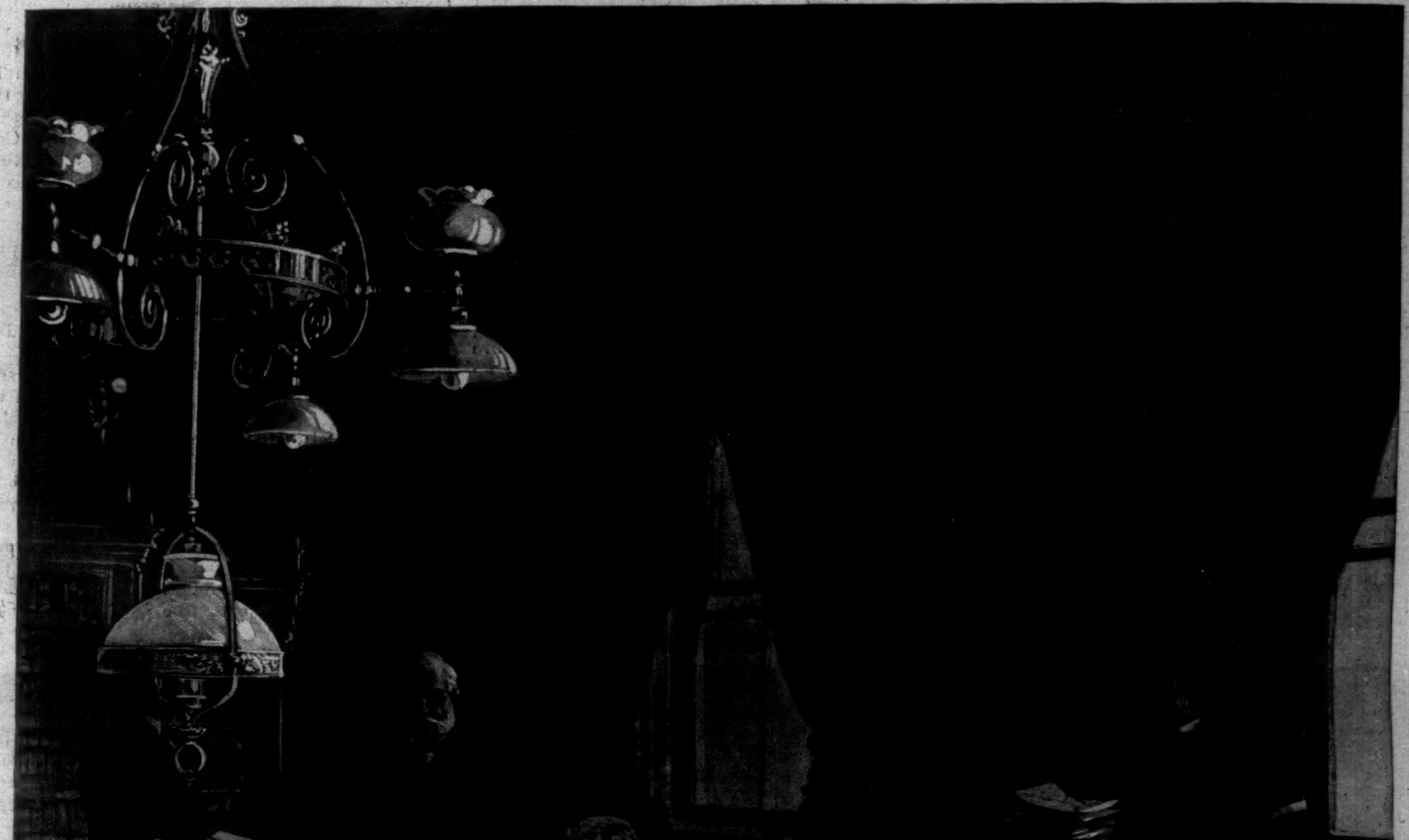

Lord Gough. Sir Julian Pauncefote. Mr. Olney. Mr. Cridler. Mr. Blandford.

THE TREATY FOR PEACE.

Signing of the general Arbitration Treaty between United States and Great Britain at the State Department, Washington, D. C., January 11, 1897.
Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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DEGRADING POLITICS.

MR. PLATT has been elected Senator, as was expected. The opposition to him was not intended as an effort to defeat him, but as a protest against the man and the kind of politics that he represents. Mr. Platt is the politics of our times incarnate. He is not different from other "bosses," but he is the master-workman in what is fast coming to be, if it is not so already, the lowest and basest of the arts that are not prohibited by law; indeed it would rank very low among the arts which come within the jurisdiction of the police and the criminal courts. Mr. Platt ought not to be Senator; but while it is true that the framers of the Constitution composed the Senate as a second chamber because they believed that it would always be a body of men quite different from Mr. Platt in intellect and in character, the selection of such a man to a Senatorship is not the worst nor the most disheartening circumstance of our political condition. Far worse than Mr. Platt's election is the fact that so few of our citizens feel the disgrace that is thus inflicted upon the State and the country. So widespread is the influence of political corruption, so accustomed have we become to the "bosses" and their political methods, that comparatively few of us realize how unworthy is such a man as Mr. Platt of the ideal Senate, while the majority, we fear, regard his triumph as the proper reward of long and faithful service to his party.

It is because Mr. Platt's position in public affairs is not a solitary nor exceptional example of the success of base arts, and because Mr. Platt himself is not a sporadic instance of the triumph of the typically bad man, that his election to the Senate becomes a large theme worthy of the careful attention of all students of the modern democratic form of government. Mr. Platt's is not a mysterious or complex personality. Regarded as a public man, he is simply bad and ignorant. He neither possesses nor respects the profession or the practice of morality in politics, and has never studied any other question of government than that which pertains to the getting of spoils. He is the outgrowth of bad conditions that prevail in other States and in both of the great parties—conditions that he did not create, but in the development of which he has materially aided. He is a man of business, of not great distinction in the occupation which he pursues. When he was sent to the Senate in 1881 as the successor of Mr. Kernan, one of the most eminent lawyers of the State, it was generally felt that the Republican majority in the Legislature which elected him had done its utmost to disgrace the State and to degrade the Senate. It must be borne in mind that the Senate twenty years ago was of higher character and intellect than the Senate of to-day. Then the election of a person like the unheard-of "boss" from Tioga County would have been more insulting to the traditions of the chamber than is the election to-day of the same "boss" grown larger, and distinguished as the most cynical corruptionist of his time. Since the seventies Brice and Foraker have succeeded Thurman and Pendleton, and Hanna is likely to succeed Sherman in Ohio; Tillman has succeeded Wade Hampton in South Carolina; the "Boodle" Alderman Madden of Chicago has aspired to the seat once held by Lyman Trumbull and John A. Logan; Quay has joined Cameron from Pennsylvania; James Smith has become a Senator from New Jersey; Arthur P. Gorman has followed William Pinckney Whyte; the mining-camps of the far West have contributed Dubois and his free-silver comrades; Peffer has come from Kansas and Allen from Nebraska to speak in behalf of the kind of citizenship represented by Debs and of the political ideas held by Coxey; while Mr. Platt, during these seventeen years, has seen his own State send Hill and Murphy to occupy the seats of Kernan, Conkling, and Evarts. It is only necessary to call the rolls of now and then to answer the protests made by Mr. Lodge and Mr. Hawley against what they assert to be unwarranted assaults upon the Senate.

Inadequate and unworthy as Mr. Platt was felt to be when he was first elected Senator, he soon demonstrated that the contempt which was openly manifested for him was deserved. He proved in the clearest way that he was in politics for plunder; that he possessed neither capacity nor conscience; that he was the slave of Mr. Conkling's meanest passions, the reaction from which, in spite of the master's strength and abilities, finally drove the pair into merited retirement. Since that time the party has sunk until the man who was the humble and ridiculed follower has become the master, exercising a more absolute control than Mr. Conkling with all his power ever possessed, and obtained by arts to which Mr. Conkling, self-abased though he sometimes was, would never have descended. To Mr. Platt we owe the development of the "boss" system to the highest point of efficiency and the lowest depths of degradation. We were about to say that Richard Croker is his only peer in this State; but Mr. Croker, after all, is but an humble instrument of Mr. Platt's, for the latter has forced him to share with him a field of plunder in which the Republicans have no natural opportunities. Senator Murphy is of his kind, but he operates in a grosser way on coarser substances. For cynical contempt of good government, for shameless and brazen disregard of the opinions of honest men, for open sale and barter in the filling of public offices, for frank confession that laws are made or withheld for money, Mr. Platt has no rival except Senator Quay of Pennsylvania. These two have overturned representative government in the two largest States in the Union. In New York and Pennsylvania laws are not enacted by the representatives of the people, but by the tools and slaves of two corrupt men, who do not know what legislation is needed by these commonwealths, and who would not care if they did know.

The manner of Mr. Platt's nomination was worthy of him and of the kind of politics for which he stands. He evidently took an insolent pleasure in displaying the servility and baseness of his followers. He ordered them to nominate him with an almost audible snap of his slave-driver's whip. The Republicans who were opposed to his election presented an object-lesson illustrating the proper proceeding to be followed as well as the class of men from whom Senators should be chosen. In the caucus they nominated a man of intellect, who had won his way to a foremost place at the American bar, and they gave their reasons for preferring him. The slaves of Mr. Platt had no reasons to give against Mr. Choate or for Mr. Platt; they had only to render obedience. So, with but one nomination before them—that of Mr. Choate—with no arguments in answer to those made in behalf of that nomination, in almost dumb and in quite disgraceful answer to the driver's lash, 142 of them rose and voted for Mr. Platt, while only 7 voted for Mr. Choate. The last scene was enacted in New York by Mr. Platt. He naturally did not thank his henchmen for their votes, for he owes them nothing; but he wrote down the names of his seven opponents and of two absentees for future punishment.

This is a disgraceful picture of American politics, but it is a picture of which the country has seen the like before, and of which it will probably see the equal in the future. For the politics which made possible the event at Albany is the politics of both parties in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, and it is likely to become the politics of other States. The sooner the people awake to this direful fact the better will it be for the welfare and safety of the republic, for this kind of politics leads with terrible directness to anarchy.

THE OPPOSITION TO THE LOUD BILL.

The question presented by the Loud bill, which has passed the House and is now before the Senate, is a very simple one. Under misinterpretations or perversions of the law providing that second-class matter shall be carried at the rate of one cent per pound, a serious burden has been imposed upon the tax-payers of the country, and an obstacle has been interposed to the establishment of a one-cent letter-rate.

The low second-class rate was established by Congress for the purpose of encouraging the diffusion of newspapers and periodicals. For the same reason newspapers are carried free to those subscribers who live in the county in which they are printed. In 1896 the Post-office Department carried 349,000,000 pounds of second-class matter, of which 52.000.000 pounds were "county-free" matter. The second-class matter constitutes two-thirds of all the mail matter carried by the government. The cost of the carriage was 8 cents a pound—a total of $27,920,000. The government received 8½ mills a pound, or $2,966,403—a loss of nearly $25,000,000.

The annual increase in the weight of second-class matter carried by the Post-office Department is enormous. Last year it amounted to 37,000,000 pounds; in 1895 it was 13,000,000 pounds. A large part of this increase is due to the use of the mails for purposes not within the contemplation of the law. Sample copies of books and periodicals, whole editions of paper-covered books, books and periodicals issued solely for advertising purposes, are sent through the mails at the rate of 1 cent a pound, and on each pound of such matter the tax-payers lose 7 cents. The cost to the government by the abuse of the second-class rate amounts to at least the postal deficiency of last year—which was $8.127.088—and probably amounts to more than $10,000,000. Postmaster-General Wilson, in his annual report, said: "There is no necessity for this annual deficiency. The department is powerless to prevent it, but a few lines of amendment by Congress to the postal laws will wipe it out and give in its place a steady surplus. It has its chief source in the transmission, at second-class rates, of a large and rapidly increasing volume of matter never in the contemplation of the law, which gives the nominal rate of 1 cent a pound on such matter, and assuredly outside of the policy of the law as to newspapers and periodicals." In other words, if the Loud bill should pass, the Post-office Department would be self-sustaining.

Who are opposing the Loud bill? Some persons who are making money out of this abuse of the mails. They assert that the perversion of the law enables them to supply the farmer with cheap literature; but the business of supplying people with cheap literature is profitable to those who publish it, and especially profitable if the government pays from $8,000,000 to $10 000,000 a year towards its expenses. All publishers would profit if the government should pay seven-eighths of the cost of distributing their books, but no publisher ought to ask the government to tax the people thus for his benefit. Among those who appeared before the Senate Committee in opposition to the Loud bill was our old friend W. H. Harvey. By reason of this abuse of second-class rates, Harvey, under the name of "Coin," made a fortune from the sale of a paper-covered book. As the world goes it is not strange that this advocate of cheap money should favor high taxes in aid of his own business, but common fairness to an overburdened people, whose friend Harvey and his kind pretend to be, demands that the truth should be told, and the truth is that the Loud bill is in the interest of economy, and for the prevention of the misuse of the mails, while the opposition to the bill grows out of a natural desire to increase the profits of private enterprise at the expense of the tax-payer.

A CHANGE OF ATTITUDE.

It was edifying to notice in a recent issue of the *Sun* an editorial proclaiming in categorical desperation the calamities that have been brought down upon the American people by the mugwumps. Novel and pestilent ideas, intense and almost fatal political disorders, damage to business, impairment of the national reputation and serious injury to our standing among nations, are a few of the deplorable results which the *Sun* attributes to mugwump wickedness. Its bill of mugwump naughtinesses reads like the arraignment of King George in the Declaration of Independence. They have taught, it cries, that a candidate is a platform, that a platform may be repudiated and the repudiators still be righteous, and it goes on with nine other specified atrocities, all of them purely imaginary, though set forth in burning words out of a heart bowed down with sorrowful memories. Clevelandism, it avers, has cost the country many, many millions in money, and has come near costing the country its democratic institutions. "Its final disappearance will be a priceless blessing."

It is of record that a mountain in labor once brought forth a mouse, but was ever there legend or rumor before of a laboring mouse that brought forth a mountain! All this tale of disastrous achievement reckoned up by the *Sun* and credited to the mugwumps? Impossible! The insignificant, contemptible mugwumps; that political awkward squad that dreamed it was an army; that group of tyros and wiseacres at whose puling whims real politicians barely deigned to smile; those theorists and professors who came from nowhere and were bound for nowhere, with their ridiculous fad of Chinese Civil Service Reform, that nobody need pay attention to! Can it be now of these same mugwumps that the *Sun* sets forth the turbulence and the momentous guilt, and declares that their final disappearance will be "a priceless blessing"?

Lo, brethren, the stone which the builders rejected! What a formidable bowlder it must have grown to be to excite concern so profound!

NEWS FROM CUBA.

In another part of this issue of the Weekly there is printed an interesting article on the situation in Cuba. It is written by Mr. C. E. Akers, the correspondent of the London *Times* in Havana, and is the second article on the subject which has appeared in the Weekly from his pen. Mr. Akers is the most intelligent observer in Cuba of the war and of the men who are carrying it on. He finds the situation of the Spaniards desperate, Weyler incompetent and brutal, and the insurgents quick to take advantage of every opportunity to push their cause. Maceo's death has not turned out to be the serious blow that the Spaniards expected, and the insurgents are in no wise disheartened. On the contrary, they are still confident of ultimate victory, and Mr. Akers believes that in eighteen months Spain will be obliged to abandon Cuba voluntarily. In the mean time, he says, the insurgents will not consent to accept any reform looking to a continuance of Spanish rule. They insist on independence, and will continue the war, which involves the laying waste of this fertile island and its elimination for some years to come from the wealth-producers of the world.

Mr. Akers's contention that Cuba has a government which might be recognized by the United States is supported by some facts which have not thus far attracted attention. One is that prefectures have been established through the island, the prefects of which collect taxes under the authority of the Cisneros government. While this is interesting, it is not convincing. There is no government in Cuba, except that of Spain, which is yet entitled to recognition, for the simple reason that there is no government which foreign powers can hold responsible for wrongs done to the lives and property of their citizens who may happen to be in Cuba. It is not the tax-gatherer that constitutes a recognizable government, but the responsible head, with a real capital, a jurisdiction which the people of the country voluntarily obey, and with revenues obtained through the operation of law.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION.

Apart from the congratulations on the success of the Dongola expedition and the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty, the Queen's Speech was interesting for its references to two minor but very thorny subjects. The first of these is Irish taxation; and the second, the education bill, which, owing in part to the needlessly contentious form in which it was drafted, and in part to Mr. Balfour's inefficient and vacillating handling of it, was badly wrecked in the last session. The report of the Royal Commission on the financial relations of England and Ireland has furnished the Irish with a grievance which it will be impossible even for a Conservative government with a majority of 150 to ignore.

The commissioners, who were appointed by Mr. Gladstone in 1893 in answer to the objections raised against the financial clauses of his second home-rule bill, have laid down, amongst others, two most important propositions—firstly, that the two countries must be considered as separate entities—a principle, by-the-way, that was established by the Act of Union and disregarded by Mr. Gladstone, the main feature of whose Budget of 1853 was a scheme for "equal and indiscriminate taxation"; secondly, that Ireland now pays one-eleventh instead of one-twentieth of the actual tax revenue of the three kingdoms. In other words, the commissioners have discovered that Ireland has been overtaxed, in comparison with Great Britain, by the sum of £2,750,000 a year; or, as Mr. Sexton prefers to put it, England owes Ireland for arrears considerably over £100,000,000. The report has naturally been received with enthusiasm by every party and every class from one end of Ireland to the other. Protestant and Roman Catholic, Unionist and Home-Ruler, the peer and the laborer, the manufacturer of Ulster and the agriculturist of Kerry—men whom it would have been impossible to bring together for any political purpose during the last fifteen years—are now joining hands resolutely in a determination to have this new grievance redressed. The Irish landlords, whose rentals were largely reduced by the Irish Land Act of last session, are furthering the agitation in the hope of being avenged on the government; and it seems inevitable that Lord Salisbury, either by reducing the extravagant cost of Dublin Castle or by increasing the annual grant to Ireland, will have to yield to their demands. So far as the education question is concerned, a bill will shortly be introduced voting a large sum to the support of voluntary schools. Any attempt to help them from the rates would be as certain of failure this year as it was in 1896. Among the minor difficulties that surround the government, the inquiry into the history of the South African Company and the events that led up to the Jameson raid will not be the least.

THE ARBITRATION TREATY IN DANGER.

In 1890 the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives adopted the following concurrent resolution: "That the President be and is hereby requested to invite from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably adjusted by such means." In July, 1893, the British House of Commons declared, after reciting the above resolve of our Congress, "that this House, cordially sympathizing with the purpose in view, expresses the hope that her Majesty's government will lend their ready co-operation to the government of the United States, upon the basis of the foregoing resolution." Thus the Congress of the United States initiated the movement in favor of arbitration, diplomatic agencies failing, as a settled policy for the adjustment of any international dispute, and the British House of Commons heartily responded. Accordingly the President of the United States and the British government took the matter in hand, and after long negotiation they succeeded in framing the arbitration treaty which now requires only the consent of the Senate of the United States to go into effect. The organs of public opinion, not only in the United States and in England, but throughout the civilized world, with an almost unanimous voice congratulate the two countries concerned and all mankind upon this auspicious achievement, as an event marking a grand onward stride in the progress of civilization. And now reports are coming from Washington that the Senate of the United States hesitates to approve this treaty, and that there is grave danger of its total defeat. This is startling news.

Those who attempt to defeat or even to delay the ratification of a treaty of such transcendent significance assume a responsibility so momentous that they must be supposed to have the most convincing and insuperable reasons for their course. So far such reasons have been expressed only in conversations more or less private which have been made public; but although in a still indefinite shape, they may be taken as foreshadowing what is to come. The objections to the treaty, in whatever way they turn up, are of high interest to the world. What are they?

"The treaty goes too far," says one critic. "It interferes with the Monroe doctrine." No one who has ever read the treaty will seriously pretend this. The Monroe doctrine, even in its broadest modern acceptation, concerns only the policy of this republic with regard to the relations between any part of America and any foreign power. Is there anything in the arbitration treaty to prevent this republic from making, if it choose to do so, an alliance with any independent American state to protect it against foreign encroachment, or even, if it deem extreme measures indispensable, from going to war for such a purpose? Let the objectors answer. While under this treaty the adjustment of pecuniary claims may become subject to the verdict of an umpire to be agreed upon by the two parties, or, if they fail to agree, to be designated by the King of Sweden, controversies touching territorial claims shall go before a tribunal composed of three American jurists to be named by the President, and three English jurists to be named by the Queen, whose award by a majority of not less than five to one shall be final. A two-thirds majority of the *American* judges would therefore be required for a decision against the United States. An award of a less majority shall be final only if neither party protest against it within three months. If such a protest be made, the award shall be invalid. But in this case there shall be no recourse to hostile measures until the mediation of one or more friendly powers has been invited by one or both of the high contracting parties. But as such mediation does not involve any decision, and as the action of either party is as free after the mediation as it was before, what is there in this article—the only one which may possibly affect questions touched by the Monroe doctrine—to give umbrage to the extremest and most nervous champion of the Monroe doctrine? What else is it than a rule that, however exciting the dispute, we shall take time to consider before we strike—hoping that, if we do take time to consider, both parties may find it wisest not to strike at all? If there is any fault to be found with this provision, it may be not because it restrains too much, but because it restrains too little.

"The treaty does not go far enough," says another critic. "Its provisions are insufficient to secure the adjustment of the most serious disputes." Granted, for argument's sake. But are there not many differences not belonging to the most serious kind, and these the most frequently occurring, for the peaceable settlement of which the treaty does provide sufficiently? And as to disputes of the most serious kind, will not the treaty, as it stands, at least secure their calm and judicial consideration and discussion before hostile measures are resorted to? Will it not in all cases serve to substitute the sober second thought for the hot unreasoning impulse of the moment? Will it not disarm the reckless demagogue who may seek to inflame the popular mind for the purpose of hurling the country headlong into war? Will it not make war virtually impossible unless one party or the other, after elaborate deliberation, in cold blood, resolves to have war—that is to say, until all imaginable resources of conciliation and peaceable adjustment are exhausted? Will it not thus present to the popular mind war as so remote a possibility that those "war scares" which are apt to be so disturbing and disastrous will be effectually prevented? Will it not, therefore, all its assumed imperfections notwithstanding, be a strong bulwark of peace and a great blessing to both nations and to the world at large? Besides, should the provisions of this treaty really prove insufficient in practice, it would not be difficult, so long as the spirit of conciliation prevails, to procure the necessary amendments.

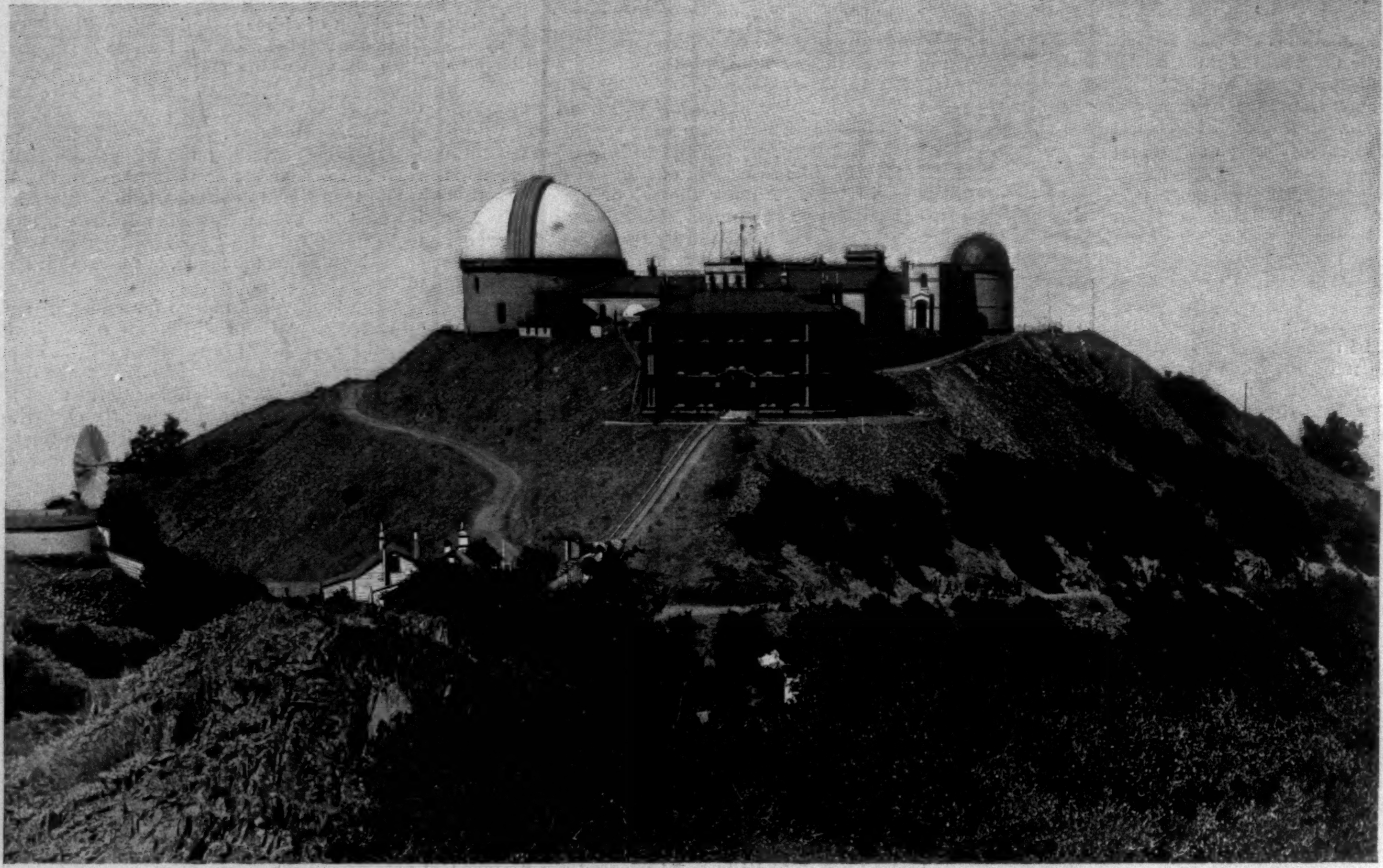
"But the treaty will benefit England," says a third critic. So it will. But will it not, by saving it from war and rumors of war, also benefit this republic? And would it not be foolish to reject the treaty, and with it the benefit to the United States, because it promises to benefit both parties alike?

It is also reported that there are Senators who intend to reject the treaty because they hate President Cleveland and the Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, and do not wish them to enjoy the honor of coupling their names with one of the great achievements of the age. This is incredible; for even the intensest hatred could hardly blind them to the fact that by defeating the treaty to satisfy a personal grudge they would, instead of stripping the signers of this treaty of their laurels, only expose to the fullest public appreciation the glaring contrast between their own smallness and the stature of statesmen who are exalting the glory of their country by ministering to the progress of civilization and to the peace and well-being of mankind.

It is also reported that there are Republican Senators who seek to delay the ratification of the treaty merely in order that after the inauguration of the new President their party may have the credit of it. This is hardly less incredible; for they cannot but know that this credit is already awarded by public opinion, that only those who further the consummation of the great work will have a share in that credit, but that those who seek to steal it by delaying that consummation will only discredit themselves by their foolish attempt. If there really were such a scheme on foot, Mr. McKinley would win high honor for himself by promptly using his authority to stop it.

The Senate should not forget that the enlightened opinion of mankind has already pronounced its judgment upon the treaty, and that this judgment will hardly be changed by any opposition which does not appear to be inspired by the highest public spirit and is not supported by the most conclusive arguments. It is no exaggeration to say that the eyes of the whole world are on the Senate of the United States at this moment. With the treaty, the Senate is also on trial. Certainly, Senators should not stifle their honest convictions. But unless the Senate can irrefutably prove that, contrary to the universal belief, this treaty will make for wrong instead of justice, for international discord and broil instead of peace, it would, by rejecting or even unnecessarily delaying the ratification of this treaty, present to the world a pitiable display of American statesmanship and American civilization.

Carl Schurz.

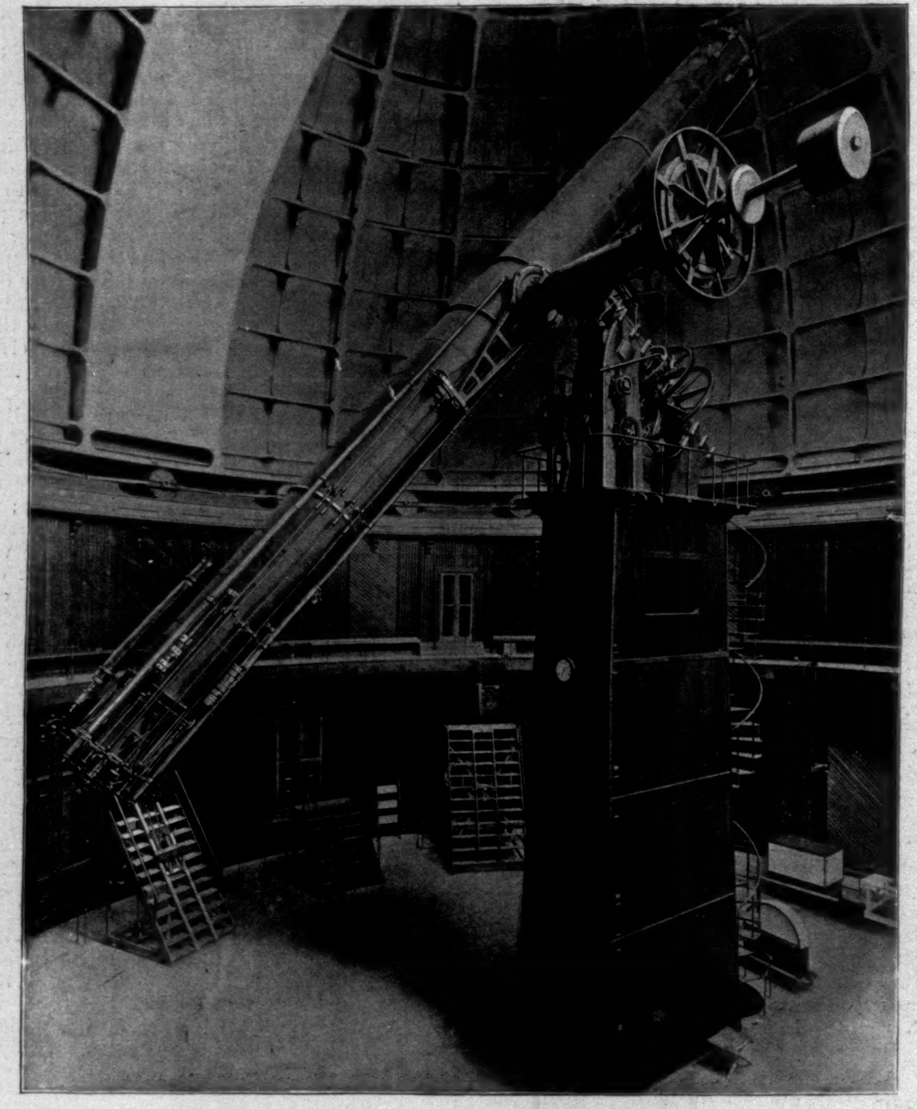


THE LICK OBSERVATORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOOKING WEST.

THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

BY DR. EDWARD S. HOLDEN.

The Lick Observatory has been a familiar name for many years. In 1875 Mr. Lick announced his intention of building an observatory, to contain the most powerful of telescopes, on the summit of a California mountain. In 1888 the observatory was completed, and transferred to the University of California as one of its many departments. During the first period public interest was excited in the novel plan; and since 1888 many discoveries and observations of interest have been reported from Mount Hamilton. Greenwich, I suppose, is the best known of all observatories, but it is probable that the Lick Observatory is nearly as widely recognized. I have, for example, an excellent account of it in Chinese.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT DOME, LICK OBSERVATORY, SEVENTY-FIVE FEET IN DIAMETER.

Mr. Lick's experiment of building a great observatory upon a mountain has been entirely successful. The site chosen has no superior. The reports of observations here since 1879, when the first astronomical work was done at Mount Hamilton, have led to the building of a considerable number of observatories on elevated sites, and there are now many establishments of the kind. The Lick Observatory and the observatory on Etna (1881) may be said to be the parents of them all.

The good vision on Mount Hamilton is essentially due to the sea fogs which cover the valleys beneath us every summer afternoon, and prevent the heated air from rising to our own level (4200 feet). The upper surface of the fog is several hundred feet lower than the observatory, as is very well shown by one of the cuts. The upper portions of the mountain cool down soon after sunset to the temperature of the surrounding air, and the atmosphere becomes quiet, so that stars shine steadily without twinkling. The air is usually very pure also, and free from dust. With these two qualities assured, it is possible to undertake the most delicate measures. At stations lower down, the sky is not pure, in the first place, and, what is more important, the stars are not steady—they twinkle. If a high magnifying power is employed under such circumstances, it increases the twinkling proportionally.

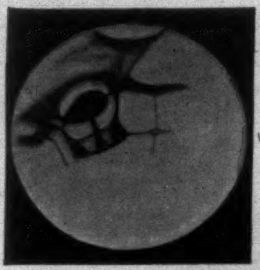
The great refracting telescope is shown in one of the illustrations. It is about fifty-six feet in length, and its object-glass is thirty-six inches in diameter. All the rays of light (from a planet, for example) which fall on the object-glass are concentrated to form an image—a picture—of the planet at a point near the eye end—the focus. If a photographic plate is placed in the focus, a picture of the planet can be taken. If, on the other hand, the focal image of the planet is examined with a magnifying-glass—an eye-piece—we have the visual telescope as it is ordinarily used. Magnifying powers of from 500 to 2000 diameters are used on various objects, according to circumstances. The more quiet the air—the less twinkling—the higher the magnifying power that can be advantageously employed.

As a visual telescope the great Equatorial is regularly employed to observe and to measure the double stars, comets, satellites, and nebulæ, and to examine the surfaces of planets, etc. The observatory possesses a twelve-inch telescope also, which is used to make all observations which fall within its grasp, thus leaving the great telescope free for the more difficult researches.

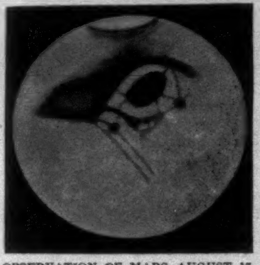
By placing an auxiliary lens in front of the visual object-glass, the telescope is turned into a photographic camera. Its work in this direction has been, so far, chiefly in making photographs of the moon. One of the accompanying cuts (an excellent one) shows a part of the moon's surface near its south pole. Photographs of sun spots, etc., are also taken.

The visual telescope is also used in connection with the spectroscope. One of the chief problems of the observatory is to determine the motion of the whole solar system in space by means of spectroscopic observation—by measuring the displacement of the lines in a stellar spectrum which is due to the star's motion. The great amount of light afforded by so large an object-glass enables these measures to be made with hitherto unheard-of precision.

A word should be said, in passing, in praise of the admirable mechanical execution of the machinery of the dome and telescope. It has been in use for over eight years, and has needed only the most trifling repairs. The object-glass and all the optical parts are, of course, of the highest excellence. For many years we have wanted a reflecting telescope, to be used in certain researches (chiefly photographic and spectroscopic) for which the great refractor was not exactly fitted. The observatory was too poor to buy the instrument that was needed; but



OBSERVATION OF MARS, AUGUST 14, 11H. 15M. P.S.T., 1892.—W. W. CAMPBELL.



OBSERVATION OF MARS, AUGUST 17, 11H. 15M. P.S.T., 1892.—W. J. HUSSEY.

the want has lately been supplied by the gift of a splendid three-foot reflector, with its dome, complete, at the hands of Mr. Edward Crossley, lately M.P. for Halifax, England. This great instrument has recently been set up in place, and will soon be ready for work. Together with the great refractor, it gives us an unrivalled equipment. It is to be regretted that the income of the observatory is too small to permit us to employ enough observers. Our regular force is but seven, while our friendly rivals at Paris, Harvard, Greenwich, etc., have from twenty to fifty.

The large cut shows the Lick Observatory as seen from the east. To the left hand (south) is the dome of the 36-inch refractor, 75 feet in diameter. Beyond the limits of the picture, about a thousand feet further south, is the dome of the Crossley reflector. At the north end of the main building is the dome of the 12-inch Equatorial (refractor). The dwelling-house of the astronomers occupies the foreground of the summit. Between it and the smaller dome is seen the house of the meridian-circle. At the extreme left of the picture is the windmill and one of the reservoirs of our water-system, upon which we depend for power.

The original deed of Mr. Lick prescribed that his gift should be made "useful in promoting science," and the observatory is primarily one of research. It is also a department of the State university, and as such it has always encouraged the presence of students of mature age who can be received on the footing of assistants.

From the beginning visitors have been made welcome at Mount Hamilton, and some 40,000 have registered since 1888. Saturday nights are "public nights," when visitors are admitted to look through the telescopes. In this way, also, the observatory becomes an active part of the educational system of the State; and the free access permitted has undoubtedly been productive of much good.

We are very frequently applied to for information on astronomical questions; and it is a fixed rule of the observatory to reply to all such communications.

A large proportion of the inquiries relate to the habitability of the planets, especially of Mars. Professor Schiaparelli's name, "canals," given to faint dark markings which are often seen on the planet Mars, together with the commentaries of observers not so cautious as Schiaparelli, have produced a whole crop of conclusions which are, to say the least, uncertain.

The planet Mars is covered with areas which are partly reddish and partly dark in color. Since the time of Sir William Herschel the red parts have been called "land," and the bluish parts "water." There is little definite proof that the darker parts are in fact water. Indeed a very good case can be made out to show that the dark areas are "land," and the reddish parts "water."

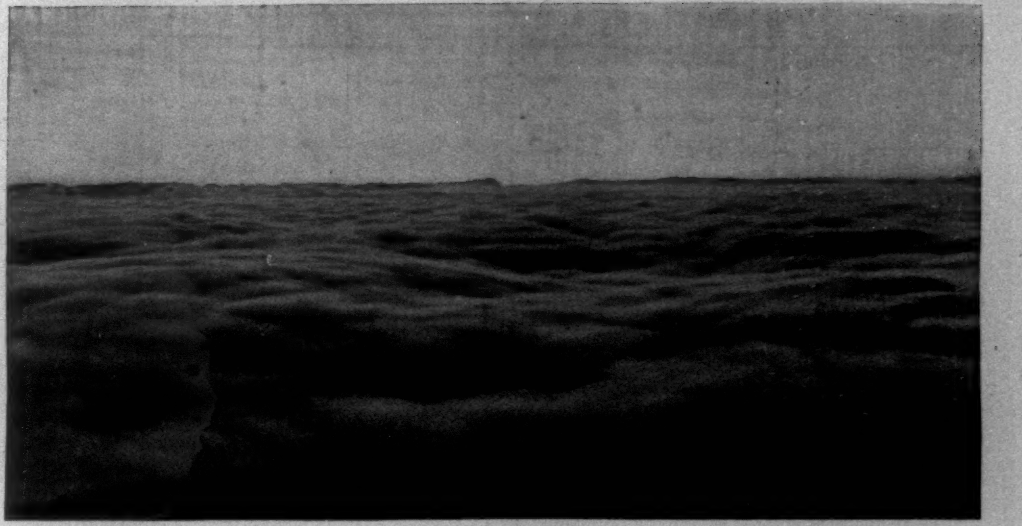
The red areas ("land") are crossed by darker streaks ("canals"), and these darker streaks often cross each other within rounded dark masses which, by analogy, may be called "lakes."

Professor Schiaparelli has pointed out that the dark "canals" seem to behave much as rivers might do—*i.e.*, they terminate in "seas" or "lakes," etc., etc. They are quite wide, however—sixty miles or more—very long, and straight. They are never sinuous, like rivers. They are usually seen single, but quite often (and quite suddenly) they appear double—in pairs, two parallel "canals." And again, the companion canal quickly disappears. These facts are hard to explain on the "canal" hypothesis. Moreover—and this is a very important point—darker lines are sometimes seen within the dark areas themselves, as it were a very dark "river" flowing through a "sea"; and this again is not readily explicable. Some of the phenomena of the polar regions, on the other hand, seem to indicate the melting of snow. But is it snow? In fact it is not yet known what the surface of Mars consists of, though many ingenious guesses have been made and published. It is certain that the atmosphere is extremely thin and transparent. It is not more dense (so Professor Campbell's spectroscopic observations at Mount Hamilton show) than the air at the tops of the highest mountains of our globe. Such an atmosphere is not very favorable to human life. And indeed the question about Mars is not "is it inhabited?" but rather "is it *habitable?*" Are the physical conditions (so far as we know them) such as to make it likely that human beings could exist there? Even this latter question cannot yet be answered. No one knows, as a certainty, whether human beings could now exist on that planet.

The subject itself is of immense interest and importance. It has been discussed by so many writers, competent and incompetent, that it has come to be an article of faith to many readers of popular works on astronomy (Proctor's, Flammarion's, Lowell's, and others) that Mars is in fact now inhabited by beings like man.

A lady has left to the Paris Academy of Sciences a considerable sum of money to be expended for carrying on communication with the (hypothetical) inhabitants! Even supposing that signals could be flashed from the earth to Mars, it is comic to reflect that they might fall on beings (if any there are) quite incompetent to interpret them. Electric-light signals falling on the backs of pterodactyls, trilobites, and things of that sort would be a pure waste.

Even on the earth signals from Italy to Arabia might be hard to interpret, unless an Arabo-Italian dictionary were at hand. But the idea of living human beings on Mars has been preached by so many writers (some of whom know better) that it is likely to persist for some time yet. It was announced some years ago from the Lick Observatory that bright projections on the terminator of Mars had been seen and measured. These were, in truth, the illuminated summits of mountain chains. But so sober a journal as *Nature* gravely discussed the question whether they might not be signals from the Martians to us on earth!



FOG ROLLING IN FROM THE PACIFIC—LOOKING DOWN FROM THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

The final outcome of the whole matter will probably be the definite solution of the question whether the conditions on Mars are now suitable for sustaining human life. This will require, in all likelihood, many years for its determination. In my opinion the answer will be that the conditions are not suitable. In this opinion, I think, nine out of ten observing astronomers fully agree. Should the conclusion be opposite, the next problem will be to settle whether life of any kind is now present on the planet. It is not likely that this problem will be solved by the present generation. In the mean time the wonder-mongers will continue to announce with certainty their conclusions, and they will always find a credulous and admiring audience. Verily they will have their reward—now and later.

North.
South.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON TAKEN WITH THE GREAT TELESCOPE OCTOBER 10, 16H. 49M. 10S.-17S., 1895.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, *January* 13, 1897.

It is now fifty years since Germany fought her battle for constitutional rights. Germans to-day have a beautiful constitution, guaranteeing to them nearly all the privileges which any citizen could reasonably demand; and for these privileges Germans must thank the men of '48, who were driven to jail and to exile for daring to advocate political principles at variance with those of the crown.

The governing classes of Germany are forgetting the lessons of fifty years ago, when the late Emperor William, then Prince Regent, had to hide himself in London lest the citizens of Berlin should handle him roughly.

There are few living now who took part in those events, though we recall gratefully the names of two great exiled Germans, Karl Blind of London, Carl Schurz of New York.

Friends of Germany note with sorrow that, in spite of what was done in '48, nearly every legislative or administrative act of the last few years appears to have been inspired by men hostile to popular liberty. The landlord interest of Prussia is the interest of the reactionary or Tory class of the people, who have for many generations been regarded as the most loyal defenders of royal prerogative, and consequently the ones upon whom the government spent most money in the way of salary. These people have come to regard themselves as peculiarly entitled to live at government expense—that is to say, at the expense of the industrial and mercantile classes.

Such of us as follow the German papers, and note the prevailing insolence of their manner towards things American, must bear in mind that these newspapers are largely dependent upon government protection, and must abuse those whom the government dislikes. Just now the German aristocracy finds that it is a good time to make war upon American commerce; for the American export of breadstuffs, and above all of meat, makes sharp competition for the aristocratic landlords, whose rents are thereby seriously affected. To-day, therefore, we find that German papers allude to our people as "impudent Yankees," and other expressions calculated to inflame popular hatred and ultimately capture a popular vote hostile to American trade.

The Prussian "Junker" or landlord is the Bryanite of Germany. He is usually in debt, and when he cannot find money for his needs he begs the government to pass some law which shall favor him at the expense of all his fellows. He is willing to see all the industrial forces of Germany crippled if he can but make something out of it for himself; and now that this party has become so strong at the court of Berlin, respectable Liberals in the German Parliament are beginning to raise ominous questions, such as, for instance: "How long is it safe for us to submit to the domination of these men? How long can we tolerate a government which nullifies the spirit of the constitution and builds up a privileged class, living at the expense of those who pay the taxes and fight in the ranks?"

Admiral Tryon, whose name recalls the loss of the great British ironclad *Victoria* nearly four years ago, off the Syrian coast, was one of the largest and tallest men I have ever seen, and enjoyed the complete confidence of those who served under him. His biography, written by a fellow-admiral, is soon to appear, but I wonder whether it will prove an interesting monument, considering the fact that he is known to the average Englishman only because he committed the monstrous blunder of turning ironclads in a space too small for them. His biographer has a hard task before him, for Tryon's official career lacked the incident calculated to stir the reader's mind. I remember the late admiral telling me that he was connected with the Tryon whom all American boys have to learn about as the last English Governor of New York. On Admiral Tryon's last visit to America he made an effort to look up some namesakes of his, but was sadly disappointed by the result. His name is a familiar one to New-Yorkers, for we still have our Tryon Row near the City Hall.

What is there to prevent a recurrence of such a blunder as sent the *Victoria* and its clever admiral to the bottom of the Mediterranean? Very little, I regret to say, either in the American or the English service. Some years before this calamity I was Tryon's guest on board his flagship, and there learned to appreciate the qualities which made him popular amongst his professional brethren. But in those interesting weeks I saw a state of things dangerous to any service. Admiral Tryon loved the pleasures of the table inordinately, but had not at the same time the habit of taking proper physical exercise. He was rarely seen on deck, and then but for a few minutes before dinner. He never dined with the officers of the ward-room, but lived in solitary majesty, as though discipline might suffer if his lieutenants saw too much of him. Examples are frequent of great minds tottering under the effect of much food and stimulating drink pent up in a body which refuses to assimilate this material by physical exertion. The larger the body the longer can it bear the strain; but the day must come when something will snap, and this happens usually in the neighborhood of the brain with men so keenly intellectual as Tryon.

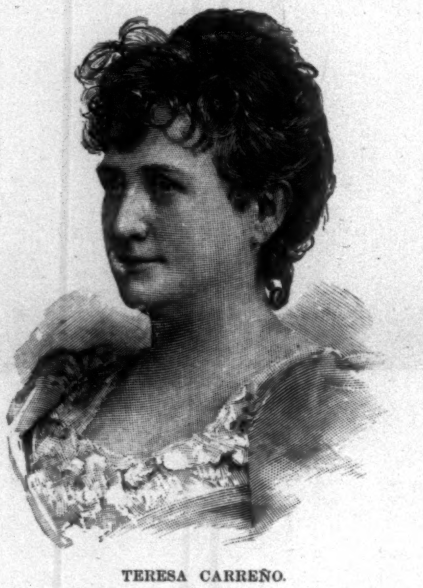
There is no good reason why the commander of a man-o'-war should not meet his brother officers on terms of social equality at least once a day in the ward-room. Did General Grant or Sherman or McClellan lose importance because they were in constant intercourse with their subordinates? Certainly their authority would have been impaired if they had been shallow men boosted into their positions by favoritism, and such men might be expected to oppose anything which forced them into unfavorable comparison with their juniors; but men at sea, we are often told, must act differently. Yet can we suppose that a Farragut or a Nelson could have lowered himself in the eyes of his ship because his fellow-officers saw much of him?

The disease which was growing upon Tryon was largely encouraged by the isolation in which naval tradition permitted him to live on board ship. Had he been in daily contact with the thirty-odd officers of his ship, the navy department would have learned by private correspondence that something was wrong, and there would not have been a Tryon on board the *Victoria*. Or rather, might we not justly say that this gifted man would have resisted his lower appetites effectually had he been daily exposed to the critical observation of his fellows? Our navy has inherited the tradition current in that of England, and for that reason I sincerely hope that the lesson taught by Tryon's disaster shall not have been wasted upon us.

Poultney Bigelow.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Teresa Carreño has much the same position in piano-forte playing that Sarah Bernhardt holds toward the theatre, Rosa Bonheur among painters, or, until recently, Adelina Patti toward the array of great singers. Madame Carreño is the best-known artist of her sex in her profession, no matter how distinguished the other women may be. In nine cases out of ten, if one asks the question, "Who is the most notable actress in the world?" the answer will be, "Sarah Bernhardt." As to Madame Bonheur and Madame Patti, there would probably be the same prompt selection, though the supremacy of song just now has shifted, in fact, has not its absolute prima donna. In like manner, if one asks, "Who is the greatest woman pianist?" on the reply, "Well, Teresa Carreño," one can wager handsomely. Such special artists, by their indisputable and inborn gifts, by the degree of their absolute and high accomplishments, by the happy chances of public recognition, by their skilful sailing toward real distinction and in it, presently reach a fame that goes quite beyond even the national. Such fame means that New Zealand knows that you are remarkable as well as Paris or Berlin or New York knows it. It means that at Melbourne or Moscow or Lima the audience expects your coming eagerly, even intelligently, as soon as the manager puts up your bills in town. Your public is the world, not your city or country or continent, and the world distinguishes you in your world. Some people, quite a good many, think that such a fame is worth living for.



TERESA CARREÑO.

It is several years since Madame Carreño was before American audiences. She returns in full success—more enthusiastically recognized, graced with greater honors, including even more sparkling court orders; and, better yet, as superb and individualized a woman-pianist as ever. She was from the first an almost unique combination of temperament and of masterful technique. Such is she still, and will be indefinitely. How does she play the piano-forte? She plays the piano-forte as do only a few of the very greatest and most virile male pianists. Her splendid muscles give force, breadth, power, and a volume of tone—never mere rackety pounding. Even her stately and royal physique suggests more the man than the woman of the clavier, and one of her sobriquets is "the Valkyr of the piano-forte." Madame Carreño is not a sentimentalist. But she is an artist of fine insight into the sentiment in music; and she seldom is deficient in it. Especially in the more romantic modernists, in Liszt and Rubinstein, is she heard at her best. Her mastery of the technical in piano-forte music, where technicalities riot, is almost that of Rosenthal. The endurance of her taper fingers and wrists is like the strength of some of the war-maids who wove coats of wire for Wotan's folk. She should have been professoress of the piano-forte in the college of Tennyson's Princess Ida. In contrast to all her heroical expressiveness, Madame Carreño can run a pianissimo scale like the ripple over a summer lake; and she can play the woman in the tenderness of her interpretation of Schumann.

Madame Carreño's schooling has nothing to do directly with certain much-quoted instructors. She is a Venezuelan by birth. She early was a pet pupil of Gottschalk, studied later with Matthias (a contemporary of Chopin), and recently, and to obvious advantage, took lessons of her husband—for a time—Eugen d'Albert. She is now in the prime of her professional life and powers. Perhaps her nearest approach in type of player, especially temperamentally studied, is our own gifted Madame Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler; but the latter has achieved a similar general effect with a frailer physical capital. In fact, there are no competitors, however admirable and eminent, that lessen Madame Carreño's golden gift—individuality. Since Madame Clara Schumann's death, the brilliant Venezuelan may be said, in spite of Essipoff, Helen Hopekirk, Adele aus der Ohe, Szumofska, and a dozen others of her sex, to be at the head of a kind of Amazon march of the women-pianists of the world.

The season of music locally is now at its height. The rather nominal, yet perceptible, holding back of incidents during the holiday period is ended. Many people have wisely or otherwise cast away the idea that normal Christmas shopping ought to entail special economy in tickets for concerts and operas until another autumn. Indeed, after so much lavish present-making to other people—especially to so many people that one does not really love any better than one's self—it seems unkind not to treat one's self to a few scrapes on a violin or to an hour or so of rather costly trills. Besides, Lent is on its way. These wise suggestions and other cogent reasons have made the fortnight's incidents—the Boston Symphony Orchestra's third visit, the events of chamber-music, the tenth and eleventh weeks of opera at the Metropolitan—well patronized. At that house time is specially occupied with the preparation or production of Massenet's *The Cid*, Mozart's *The Wedding of Figaro*, and our old friend *L'Africaine*. If any concert occurrence be singled out, it may be well as it is pleasant to record the fact that Madame Lilli Lehmann's return to the concert stage as to New York, and to that of Wagnerian opera as to Philadelphia (a matter in prospect at last writing in this department), has been made with a noble and complete success.

It appears to be an unkindly winter as to the affairs of two or three of the greater artistic planets. For there is Mr. Moriz Rosenthal, even now not more than convalescent at whatever be his present Western recruiting-place, with a date-book shattered all to pieces behind him and a ruined United States tour for 1896–7, and many lamenting agents all at his back together. Of course pianists are mortal, however far may go the public, especially the female public, toward convincing them that they are quite among the blessed gods. They must breathe the same air with us commoner creatures. They ought to avoid draughts and to wear good warm flannels while in America. They have blood, not ichor, in their passionate veins. But somehow we do not expect pianists to go and catch cold and make an iron-clad contract with pneumonia for the best part of a season. A cold of any kind does not strike one as a really fair and appropriate and thoughtful difficulty by which a piano-forte player should allow himself to be bowled over, almost to his own final pianissimo. A pianist does not really need to carry a cold as part of his profession. He does not sing. He should select rheumatism of the forearm, nervous prostration of the right hand, neurosis of the index finger, or some local trouble logically and wholly in keeping. It appears as ridiculously irrelevant for Mr. Rosenthal to be laid up with a cold as it was for Madame Eames to bruise her fair hand in a door a couple of seasons ago. Great artists should be strictly professional, even in mishaps. Hardly is it kind, however, to Mr. Rosenthal to speak lightly, even in passing, of that sudden and alarming misfortune in which he has had the concern and the sympathy of all the country's music-lovers. Happily he is out of danger after his relapse. But it is now unlikely that he can undertake the fulfilment of even his latest spring engagements; and his freedom to revisit us next autumn is only a possibility, difficult of arrangement.

With Madame Melba, however, the latest of music's suffering and distinguished invalids (the latest as we go to press—there may be others in undeclared peril), the case is obviously different. Not that the difference lies merely in Madame Melba's having an influenza while Mr. Rosenthal has been laid low with pneumonia. Of two evils the great singer wisely has chosen the lesser, to be sure. It is the natural and delicate propriety of Madame Melba's choice that commends itself. As a prima donna she has a right at any time to just as bad a cold as is made, and a right to keep it as long as may be unavoidable. Pulmonary or bronchial upsets are to coloratura sopranos as fitting and ordinary an adjunct as hair-pins. Our regret is sincere and vivid at the condition of Madame Melba's throat and nerves, and at a status which at this writing cancels her contract with the opera-house and abruptly sends her back to France to recover. The most beautiful voice for Lucia, and Marguerite de Navarre, and Gilda, and "Se Saran Rose," is not a thing to be unsympathetically dismissed on furlough. Madame Melba, too, has lately shown a dramatic quality that has interested us all in her, and as to some episodes has stricken us into admiration. She is a singer whose popularity and value are distinct and merited. It is regrettably the fact that Madame Melba's cold seems a direct result of injudiciously sleeping on a rocky Wagnerian height—known locally as a "selige Oede"—under a scanty tree, certainly an insufficient shelter; and of a chill almost immediately after being awakened to the error of her action.

Our climate does not allow such experiments. She has never sung really successfully since that unique and ominous *Siegfried* performance, when, more or less at the diplomatic and amiable instigation of Mr. Jean de Reszké, she assumed the shield and style and constitution of Brünnhilde. Lately the sudden announcements that her indispositions would call for the appearance of Madame Clementine de Vere-Sapio in one or another of her rôles have been so frqeuent that one might fancy Madame de Vere-Sapio to be a sort of avatar of Madame Melba. But, in any case, the public is the loser by Madame Melba's sudden flight from us, and in full sense of her expressions of mortification the least one can do is to imitate the poet of "The Last Rose of Summer"—to reflect back her blushes and give Madame Melba sigh for sigh.

The terms "an Irish opera," "an Italian opera," "a French opera," "a German opera," above all "an English opera," and so on, have become amusingly—or provokingly—ambiguous with us. In the United States the announcement of "English opera" causes the initiated to scoff, as meaning either *The Bohemian Girl* or sundry worn and stock operas by Continental composers.

In the case of *Shamus O'Brien*, it has already been pointed out here that not only is the work one of musical pretensions justified, but that the natural origin and flavor are so genuine as to merit the actual label of nationality. "Shamus" is as Irish as Cork. The subject is a typical episode in Irish patriotism, the libretto is by an Irish writer. Dr. C. Villiers Stanford, widely recognized as a British composer, is an Irishman, and one with strong sympathy for whatever is characteristic of his real fatherland; his music has liberal national touches, and the very singers on the stage are in large proportion Ireland's children.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT may perhaps surprise American readers, who are not so used as the English to be violently agitated by the exploits of travellers, to know how thoroughly stirred up our cousins are over Dr. Nansen, the latest and in some respects the most successful of arctic explorers. His first public appearance in England is to be made on February 8, when he will lecture in Albert Hall before the members of the Geographical Society. Ten thousand people have already applied for seats at this lecture. The Prince of Wales will be in the chair, and will present to Dr. Nansen the gold medal (costing £150) which the Geographical Society intends to award him. In Manchester he is to be entertained at a public dinner, and similar attentions will be shown him in other towns. Clubs and societies are clamoring for him all over England. He has been invited by the French people to visit Paris, and has accepted. The interest in him and his explorations extends to his ship, the *Fram*, which is likely to be brought to London and exhibited.

The latter part of the present year Dr. Nansen will pass in this country, where he intends to give fifty lectures, beginning early in the fall. Meanwhile his book is now going to press, and will be issued simultaneously next month in London, and by the Harpers here. It may interest but will not disappoint intending readers to know that its author complains of it as being much too popular, and not as scientific as he would have made it.

The rumor that the presidency of Hobart College is to be offered to Commissioner Roosevelt has not as yet received any confirmation, and is not credited. Hobart is an Episcopal college, and its presidents heretofore have been Episcopal clergymen. Mr. Roosevelt is not only a layman, but a self-confessed Dutchman by descent, and is more likely to have established ecclesiastical relations with the Dutch Reformed Church in New York than with the Episcopal Church. Undoubtedly he would make a vigorous college president, but it may be doubted whether the administration of the affairs of a small college in a quiet town would afford his fiery spirit sufficient fuel.

The language of the clauses of Alfred Nobel's will, which establish the five great prizes of which mention has before been made in this department of the WEEKLY, has been published in the Paris *Figaro*, and reads:

> The income shall be divided into five equal parts, which will be awarded yearly:
>
> The first to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics.
>
> The second to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or improvement in the domain of chemistry.
>
> The third to the person who shall have made the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or of medicine.
>
> The fourth to the person who shall have produced the greatest work in the ideal sense in the domain of letters.
>
> The fifth to the person who shall have exerted the greatest or the best action for the fraternity of peoples, for the suppression or diminution of permanent armies, and for the formation or spreading of Peace Congresses.

The wording of the last two clauses is particularly interesting. A great novel like *War and Peace*, or a great poem like no poem that has been produced by any poet now living, might take the fourth prize, and the provision for the fifth is so worded that Mr. Bayard, Mr. Olney, Mr. Cleveland, Lord Salisbury, Sir Julian Pauncefote, and the members of the United States Senate may be invited to divide it. The literary prize is to be awarded by the Swedish Academy, and that for the promotion of peace by a committee of five members of the Norwegian Storthing. "It is my express will," says the testator, "that no consideration of nationality shall be taken into account in awarding these prizes."

The value of each of these annual prizes may easily exceed $60,000. If they are wisely awarded, their annual distribution will be an event of international importance. To award them, however, promises to be a hard job, for it is an exceptional year that sees five achievements worthy of such distinguished recognition.

An interesting communication received by this department of the WEEKLY is dated and postmarked "Cambridge, Mass.," and has reference to the recent return of the Louisburg cross, which was stolen about a year and a half ago from the porch of the Harvard Library. Referring to a statement of the circumstances of the return of the cross, given in a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY, the communicator says, in neatly printed capitals:

> YOU STATED THAT THE CROSS WAS FOUND HANGING TO THE DOOR-KNOB OF THE LIBRARY. PERMIT ME TO CORRECT YOUR SLIGHT ERROR. THE CROSS WAS TIED TO THE STUB FROM WHICH IT WAS TAKEN. OF COURSE THE LIBRARY AUTHORITIES UNDOUBTEDLY INFORMED YOU THAT IT WAS HANGING TO THE KNOB, A STATEMENT WHICH WAS ENTIRELY FALSE. TO BE EXACT IN DETAILS. IT WAS BOUND TO THE STUB WITH A PORPOISE-HIDE SHOELACE, AND HAD A NOTE ADDRESSED TO JUSTIN WINDSOR GLUED TO THE CENTRE OF IT. YOU WOULD CONFER A GREAT FAVOR ON US IF YOU WOULD BURN THIS LETTER.
>
> A. P. A. OF CAMBRIDGE.

Any reader who relies on the historical accuracy of the information thus imparted will please do so at his own risk. The suggestion that the WEEKLY received from the library authorities any information about the return of the cross is, of course, unfounded.

The pictures of sea-fights painted by Mr. Carlton T. Chapman and reproduced in the WEEKLY have greatly interested many readers, those especially who know and are proud of the naval history of the United States. The redoubtable Wharf-Rats Association of Boston, which has quarters in India Wharf, and is acutely interested in all that concerns the exploits of Yankees at sea, was lately at pains to procure a photograph of one of these paintings for the adornment of its rooms. The picture of "The Chase of the President," given in this week's issue, differs from most of its predecessors in showing a frigate under full sail and as yet untouched by the enemy's fire. An exhibition of thirty of Mr. Chapman's paintings of sea-fights is to be given at Fishel, Adler, & Schwartz's (Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street), beginning January 23. It includes the originals of many pictures which the readers of the WEEKLY have seen, and of all of the colored illustrations of Mr. James Barnes's *Naval Actions of the War of 1812*, lately issued by the Harpers.

Hawaii and her problems seem to have proved the death of Albert S. Willis, who was sent there as minister in 1893, in the thick of the troubles that followed the overthrow of Liliuokalani. Mr. Willis went out when the question of annexing the islands was exciting intense interest in this country. Mr. Blount was sent before him to investigate and report to the President, and, as a result of his report, Mr. Willis was instructed to use the influence of the United States to restore the Queen, provided she would declare a general amnesty. The ground of this intention was that the power of the United States had been improperly employed to accomplish her overthrow. The Queen would not agree to pardon all her enemies, and Mr. Willis never got a chance to carry out his instructions; but for a time his position must have been one of extreme anxiety, and explains why, though he went out a strong man, he is said to have come home on leave two years later aged in appearance and in impaired health. His conduct in Hawaii was most judicious. He came in time into very agreeable relations with President Dole and his government, and when he died, on January 8, his death was heartily lamented.

Mr. Willis was born in 1843, in Kentucky, grew up in that State, and represented the Louisville district in Congress for five terms, beginning in 1877. He lost his seat in consequence of a difference with Senator Blackburn as to the propriety of turning out of office a Mrs. Thompson, a widow, who had been appointed postmistress at Louisville by President Garfield. Mr. Willis and Senator Beck favored her retention. Senator Blackburn supported another applicant. The matter became a local issue, and, in the election for Congressman, Mr. Willis was beaten at the polls. It is rather an interesting coincidence that Mr. Willis should have lost his seat in Congress through solicitude in behalf of a widow in office, and his health (apparently) through anxiety over the case of one who had been turned out. He must have been a shining example of Kentucky gallantry.

Persons who have treasure which they are disposed to lay up somewhat more securely than by risking it in the clutches of bank officials are invited to consider the following opportunities for advantageous investment.

The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society of New York publishes its twenty-second annual report, telling of its work during the past year. It sends books, newspapers, and other reading-matter to institutions and individuals all over the country. It distributes the papers left in the red boxes that one sees at various points in the streets of New York. It helps to keep thousands of people with hungry minds from mental starvation. Money for its use should go to its treasurer, Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street. Gifts of reading-matter should be sent to the society's office, 105 East Twenty-second Street.

The Legal Aid Society gives legal assistance to the poor of New York who cannot afford lawyers' fees. It has existed twenty years, has cared for 80,000 cases, and secured over $500,000 to its needy clients. Commissioner Roosevelt warmly commends its work. "No work," he says, "can be more useful." The society has on its roll the names of 150 active members who pay $20 a year, and of 79 associate members who pay $10 a year. It wants many more. Its offices are at 233 Broadway. Names and money may be sent to Arthur V. Briesen, Esq., president, 229 Broadway.

Other inviting opportunities include the chance to contribute to the Tom Hughes Memorial Fund, by sending a subscription to Messrs. Prescott, Drinsdale, & Co., 5 Cornhill, London, E. C.; the chance to help put a memorial of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey, by sending a subscription to Fiske Warren, Esq., 220 Devonshire Street, Boston; the chance to help make up the last $10,000 of the $60,000 needed to repair the tomb and chapel of John Wesley in London, by communicating with the Rev. William J. Brown, pastor of the chapel, now in this country; and the chance to send one dollar or more to J. P. Lawrence, Keysville, Virginia, to help erect at Smithville, Charlotte County, Virginia, a church in memory of Patrick Henry.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE has a long arm in these days—long enough to reach to the uttermost parts of the earth and to help on good works among the antipodes. The WEEKLY's arm, however, is just as far-reaching, and is ready to help Mr. J. W. R. Clarke, who writes to the MAGAZINE from Sydney, New South Wales, for support in his efforts in behalf of the indigenous animals of Australia. He says these animals are being exterminated by hunters who want their skins; that the kangaroo, the wallaby, the native bear, the ptalypus, and the opossum are nearly or quite extinct in Tasmania, and will very soon be extinct in New South Wales unless something is promptly done for their preservation. Mr. Clarke, who has already exerted himself successfully in behalf of the native birds and flora of New South Wales, and is now trying to get a bill passed to protect the fauna. In the name of thousands of American citizens to whom the opossum is dear, and of the doughty hunters of the Boone and Crockett Club, who are opposed to the slaughter of any wild creature except in the sacred cause of sport, the WEEKLY wishes him success in his undertaking. Australia without kangaroos wouldn't be at all the Australia we know, and which those of us who have not yet seen hope to see in its integrity when we make our trip, too long put off, around the world.

Syracuse is to have a Museum of Fine Arts. A charter has been granted by the Regents of the University of the State of New York to fifteen trustees, including Bishop Huntington and Judges Andrews and Vann; the trustees have met and adopted by-laws supplementing their charter, and are ready now for Benefactors ($10,000), Patrons ($1000), Fellows for Life ($250), Founding Life Members (who transpire with four months) and Annual Members ($10 a year) to flock in and put the enterprise on a sound financial basis. Judge Charles Andrews, of the Court of Appeals, is president of the organization, and Professor G. F. Comfort its secretary. In a city of the wealth and intellectual activity of Syracuse so excellent an enterprise in hands so fit can hardly fail to do well. Syracuse has set an example in this matter to Rochester, which has as yet no public art museum, though in the Powers Gallery it has long had a notable collection of pictures, which is open to the public on payment of a small fee.

The long series of litigations over the Fayerweather will seem at present to have been ended by the decision of the Court of Appeals of this State, handed down on January 19, the effect of which is to divide three million dollars equally between these colleges: Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Yale, Columbia, Hamilton, Lafayette, Lincoln, Maryville, Marietta, Adelbert, Wabash, Park, the Wesleyan University, the Universities of Rochester, Cornell, Virginia, and Hampton, and the Union Theological Seminary. The gentlemen of the bar have had a long term at the Fayerweather estate. Grudging them nothing of fun or profit, the public will still be pleased to see the colleges come into their money.

Annapolis is grumpy and the Eastern Shore a good deal flustered because Governor Lowndes of Maryland has opened an office at Baltimore for the transaction of executive business, and instead of living at Annapolis, the State capital, merely visits that ancient town from time to time to see people who prefer to meet him there. Half the population of the State live in Baltimore, so it is a matter of public convenience to have the Governor within easy reach there, but Annapolis and many of the more conservative Marylanders see in the innovation a deep-laid plot to move the State capital. Hence much grumbling and wagging of heads at the lawlessness of Republican executives.

Oscar, the good King of Sweden, who has obliged us all by consenting to help us in the settlement of our difficulties, actual and potential, with Great Britain, celebrates next September the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, and the Swedes in America are bestirring themselves to send him a present. They propose to raise some money, spend half for a piece of plate, and send the rest to be spent for charity. That would please the King best, they think, for he is very benevolent, and when his subjects proposed, not long ago, to give him a yacht, he asked them to build a sanitarium instead; and that though he is sailor-bred, and had no very good yachts, and really needed one.

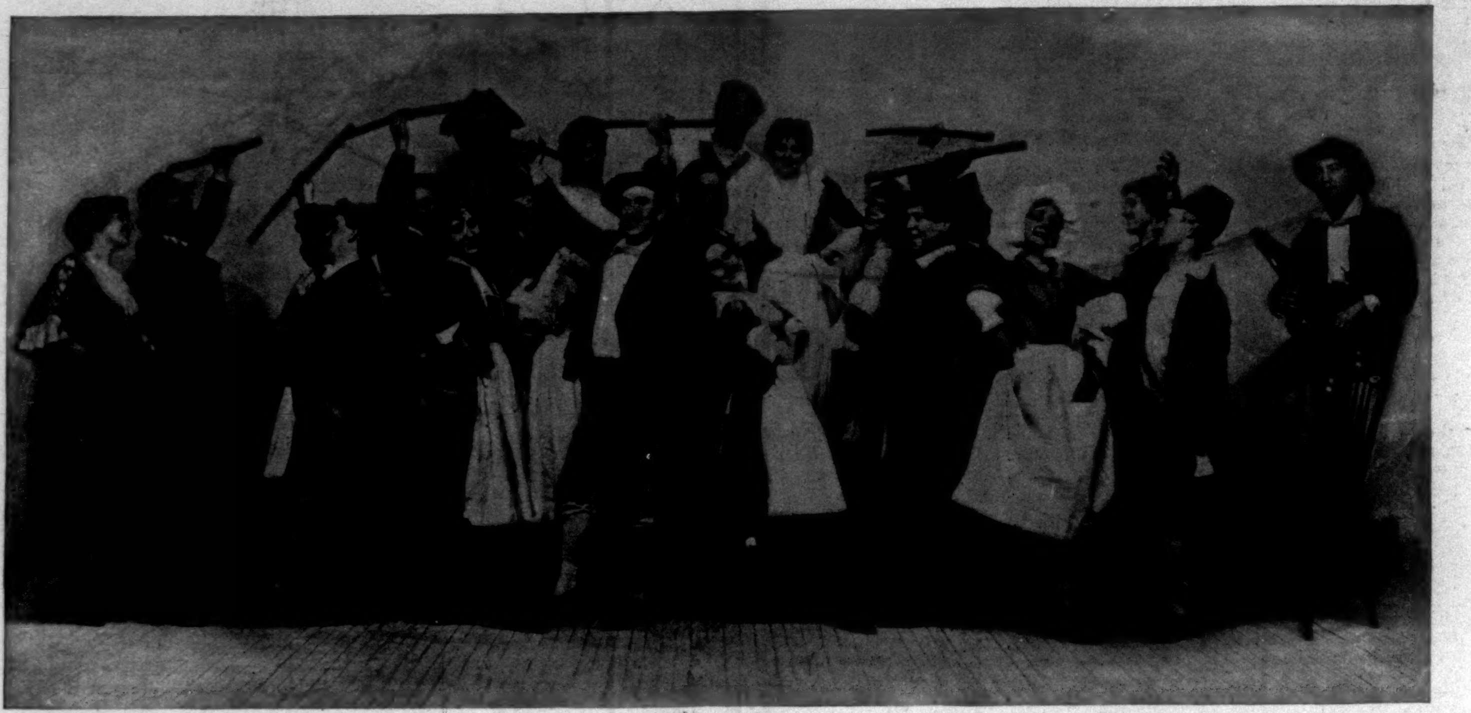
The city of Gloucester in Massachusetts wants to buy and to keep as a public park the property variously known as "Stage Fort," "Stage Head," and "Fishermen's Field," which juts out into the harbor between the Cut Bridge and Fresh-Water Cove. It was the site of the fishing-station of the Dorchester Company, and the home of two hundred planters who started there the first settlement on Massachusetts Bay. The remains of a Revolutionary fort are on it, and Gloucester people think they should preserve it as a spot of historical interest. They fear that some purchaser will gobble it up before they feel rich enough to purchase it, and if some one would give it to them they would be pleased and appreciative.

Even to people to whom cremation is not attractive on general grounds there may seem to be much to recommend it in the cases of persons who die far from home and wish their relics to be brought home for burial. When the will of Kate Field was found, and discovered her wishes as to the disposition of her remains, her body was brought from Honolulu to San Francisco and there cremated, and the ashes in a copper box were brought to Boston in a hand-bag and buried at Mount Auburn.

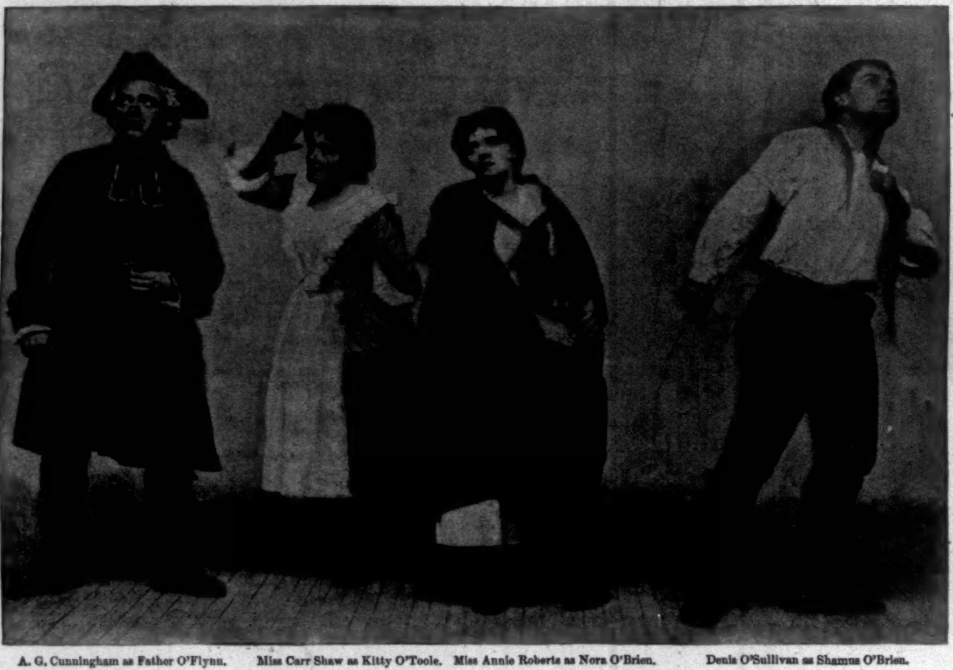
The Harvard faculty have decided this year again to spare the members of the Hasty-Pudding Club the labor and distraction of giving a theatrical entertainment in the spring in New York. The faculty thinks that it is inexpedient for college organizations to give performances, except in Cambridge or at places near by. Its decision will disappoint the friends of Young Harvard in New York; but, after all, one of the chief motives for sending New York lads to Cambridge is to keep them away from New York for a time, and this ruling facilitates that purpose.

A thorough understanding of religion—an experience of it if possible—is an exceedingly useful detail in the equipment of a prospective man of letters. For persons who are constitutionally incapable of understanding religion, a knowledge of theology is doubtless a partial substitute, though of course that is quite a different thing, and useful to persons who do understand religion as well as to those who don't. After experience of religion, some knowledge of the newspaper business comes probably as handy to a writer as anything. Mr. Joel T. Headley, who died on January 16 at Newburg, had the advantage of training both in theology and journalism. He was born in 1813, the son of a clergyman. After graduating in 1839 at Union College, he took a course of study in the Auburn Theological Seminary, had charge of a church for a short time, gave it up on account of ill health, and in 1846 became for a time an assistant to Horace Greeley on the New York *Tribune*. Ill health continued to bother him, and drove him out of journalism into miscellaneous writing. In 1855 he wrote for HARPER'S MAGAZINE a series of articles on Lieutenant Strain's Darien Exploring Expedition. During the years immediately following he published *Napoleon and his Marshals*, *Washington and his Generals*, lives of Cromwell and of Washington, and other books, some of which had very great popularity. When the war broke out he wrote a succession of books about the war and the Union generals, which were widely read and are still remembered. His literary activity continued over a period of nearly half a century, and he was very successful in putting information into a form that suited the popular taste. For a time he was interested in politics, and was a leader in the Know-Nothing movement. He served as member of Assembly from Orange County in 1854, and the next year was elected Secretary of State on the Know-Nothing ticket. He was eighty-three years old when he died.

E. S. MARTIN.

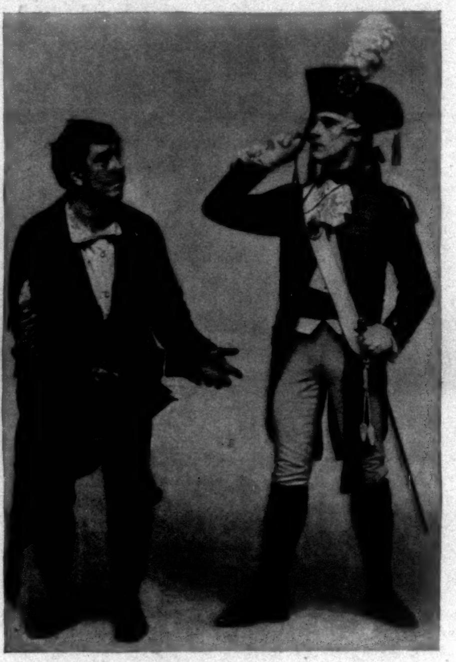


ACT I.—THE DANCE.

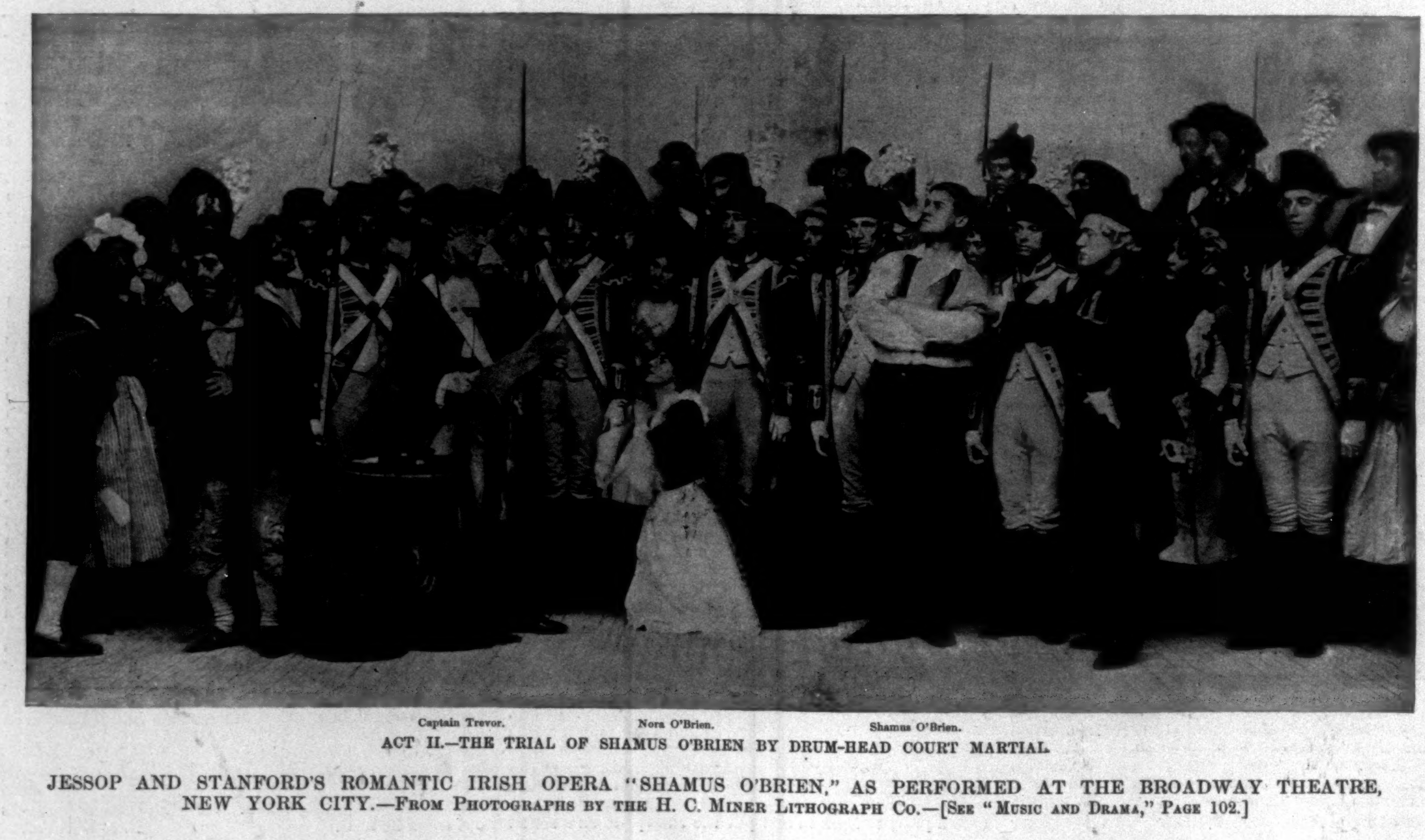


A. G. Cunningham as Father O'Flynn. Miss Carr Shaw as Kitty O'Toole. Miss Annie Roberts as Nora O'Brien. Denis O'Sullivan as Shamus O'Brien.

ACT I.—THE WAIL OF THE BANSHEE.



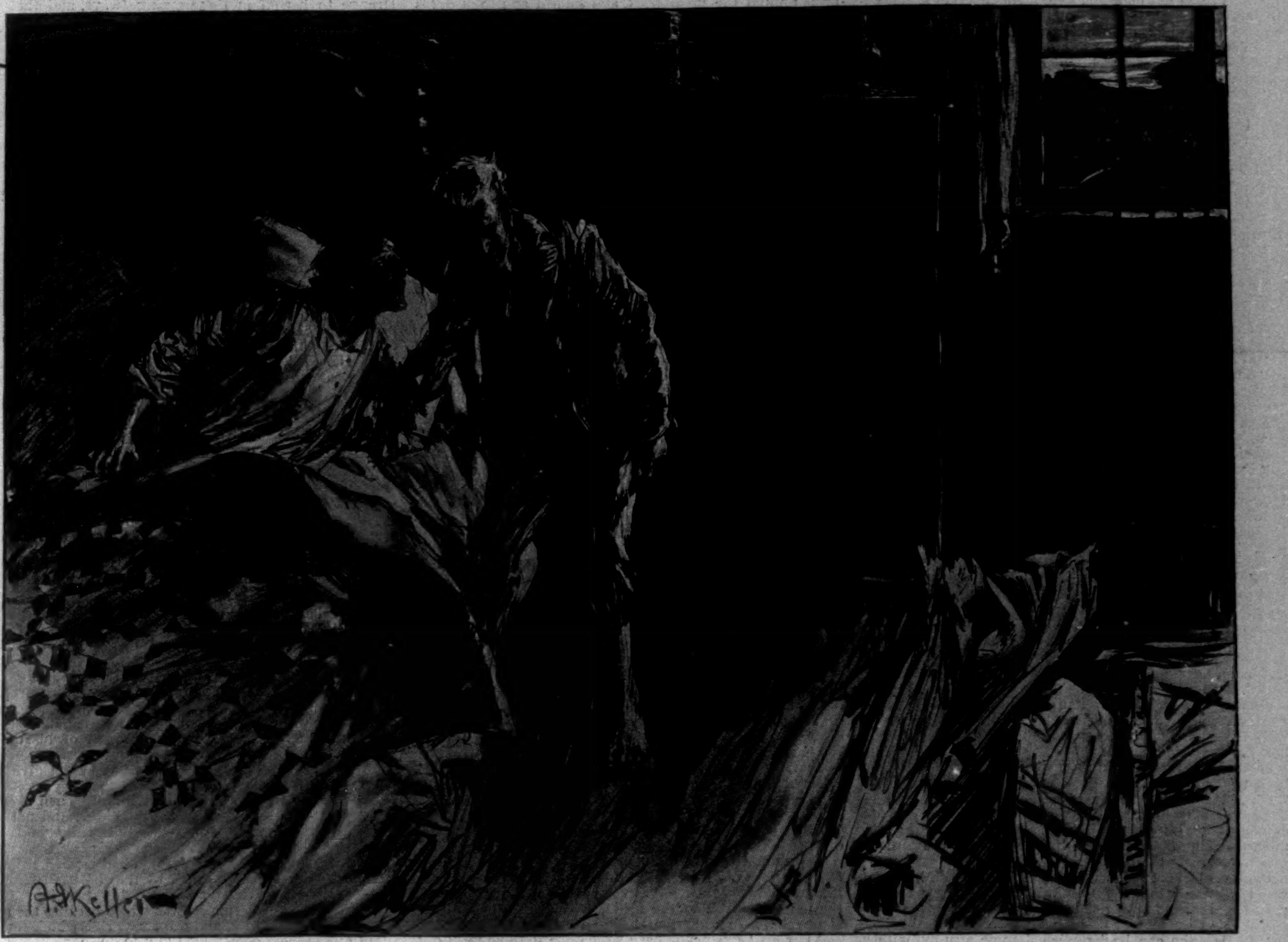
ACT II.—JOSEPH O'MARA AS MIKE MURPHY, AND REGINALD ROBERTS AS CAPTAIN TREVOR.



Captain Trevor. Nora O'Brien. Shamus O'Brien.

ACT II.—THE TRIAL OF SHAMUS O'BRIEN BY DRUM-HEAD COURT MARTIAL.

JESSOP AND STANFORD'S ROMANTIC IRISH OPERA "SHAMUS O'BRIEN," AS PERFORMED AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE H. C. MINER LITHOGRAPH CO.—[SEE "MUSIC AND DRAMA," PAGE 102.]



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Jerome arose at dawn, and crept down stairs noiselessly on his bare feet, that he might not awake his mother. However, still as he was, he had hardly crossed the threshold of the kitchen before his mother called to him from her bedroom, the door of which stood open.

"Who's that?" called Ann Edwards, in a strained voice; and Jerome knew that she had a wild hope that it was his father's step she heard instead of his. The boy caught his breath, hesitating a second, and his mother called again: "Who's that? Who's that out in the kitchen?"

"It's only me," answered Jerome, with that most pitiful of apologies in his tone, the apology for presence and very existence in the stead of one more beloved.

His mother drew a great shuddering sigh. "Come in here," she called out, harshly, and Jerome went into the bedroom and stood beside her bed. The curtain was not drawn over the one window, and the little homely interior was full of the pale dusk of dawn. This had been Ann Edwards's bridal chamber, and her children had been born there. The face of that little poor room was as familiar to Jerome as the face of his mother. From his earliest memory the high bureau had stood against the west wall, near the window, and a little round table, with a white towel and a rosewood box on it, in the corner at the head of the great high-posted bedstead, which filled the rest of the room, with scant passageway at the foot and one side. Ann's little body scarcely raised the patch-work quilt on the bed; her face, sunken in the feather pillows, looked small and weazened as a sick child's, in the dim light. She reached out one little bony hand, clutched Jerome's poor jacket, and pulled him close. "What's goin' to be done?" she demanded, querulously. "What's goin' to be done? Do you know what's goin' to be done, Jerome Edwards?"

The boy stared at her, and her sharply questioning eyes struck him dumb.

Ann Edwards had always been the dominant spirit in her own household. The fact that she was so largely on masculine sufferance had never been fully recognized by herself or others. Now, for the first time, the stratum of feminine dependence and helplessness, which had underlain all her energetic assertion, was made manifest, and poor little Jerome was spurred out of his boyhood into manhood to meet this new demand.

"What's goin' to be done?" his mother cried again. "Why don't you speak, Jerome Edwards?"

Then Jerome drew himself up, and a new look came into his face. "I've been thinkin' of it over," he said, soberly, "an'—I've got a plan."

"What's goin' to be done?" Ann raised herself in bed by her clutch at her son's arm. Then she let go, and rocked herself to and fro, hugging herself with her little lean arms, and wailing weakly. "What's goin' to be done? Oh, oh, what's goin' to be done? Abel's dead, he's dead, and Doctor Prescott, he holds the mortgage. We 'ain't got any money, or any home. What's goin' to be done? What's goin' to be done? Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Jerome grasped his mother by the shoulder and tried to force her back upon her pillows. "Come, mother, lay down," said he.

"I won't! I won't! I never will. What's goin' to be done? What's goin' to be done?"

"Mother, you lay right down and stop your cryin'," said Jerome; and his mother started, and hushed, and stared at him, for his voice sounded like his father's. The boy's wiry little hands upon her shoulders, and his voice like his father's, constrained her strongly, and she sank back; and her face appeared again, like a thin wedge of piteous intelligence, in the great feather pillow.

"Now you lay still, mother," said Jerome, and to his mother's excited eyes he looked taller and taller, as if in very truth this sudden leap of his boyish spirit into the stature of a man had forced his body with it. He straightened the quilt over his mother's meagre shoulders. "I'm goin' to start the fire," said he, "and put on the hasty-pudding, and when it's all ready I'll call Elmira, and we'll help you up."

"What's goin' to be done?" his mother quivered again; but this time feebly, as if her fierce struggles were almost hushed by contact with authority.

"I've got a plan," said Jerome. "You just lay still, mother, and I'll see what's best."

Ann Edwards's eyes rolled after the boy as he went out of the room, but she lay still, obediently, and said not another word. An unreasoning confidence in this child seized upon her. She leaned strongly upon what, until now, she had held the veriest reed—to her own stupefaction and with doubtful content, but no resistance. Jerome seemed suddenly no longer her son; the memory of the time when she had cradled and swaddled him failed her. The spirit of his father awakened in him filled her at once with strangeness and awed recognition.

She heard the boy pattering about in the kitchen, and, in spite of herself, the conviction that his father was out there, doing the morning task which had been his for so many years, was strong upon her.

When at length Jerome and Elmira came and told her breakfast was ready, and assisted her to rise and dress, she was as unquestioningly docile as if the relationship between them were reversed. When she was seated in her chair she even forbore, as was her wont, to start immediately with sharp sidewise jerks of her rocker, but waited until her children pushed and drew her out into the next room, up to the breakfast table. There were, moreover, no sharp commands and chidings as to the household tasks that morning. Jerome and Elmira did as they would, and their mother sat quiet and ate her breakfast.

Elmira kept staring at her mother, and then glancing uneasily at Jerome. Her pretty face was quite pale that morning, and her eyes looked big. She moved hesitatingly, or with sharp little runs of decision. She went often to the window and stared down the road—still looking for her father; for hope dies hard in youth, and she had words of triumph at the sight of him all ready upon her tongue. Her mother's strange demeanor frightened her, and half made her angry. She was too young to grasp any but the more familiar phases of grief, and revelations of character were to her revolutions.

She beckoned her brother out of the room, the first chance she got, and questioned him.

"What ails mother?" she whispered, holding to the edge of his jacket out in the wood-shed, and looking at him with piteous scared eyes.

Jerome stood with his shoulders back, and seemed to look down at her from his superior height of courageous spirit, though she was taller.

"She's come to herself," said Jerome.

"She wasn't ever like this before."

"Yes, she was—inside. She ain't anything but a woman. She's come to herself."

Elmira began to sob nervously, still holding to her brother's jacket, not trying to hide her convulsed little face. "I don't care, she scares me," she gasped, under her breath, lest her mother hear. "She ain't any way I've ever seen her. I'm 'fraid she's goin' to be crazy. I'm dreadful 'fraid mother's goin' to be crazy, Jerome."

"No, she ain't," said Jerome. "She's just come to herself, I tell you."

"Father's dead and mother's crazy, and Doctor Prescott has got the mortgage," wailed Elmira, in an utter rebellion of grief.

Jerome caught her by the arm and pulled her after him at a run out, of the shed, into the cool spring morning air. So early in the day, with no stir of life except the birds in sight or sound, the new grass and flowering branches and blooming distances seemed like the unreal heaven of a dream; and, indeed, nothing save their own dire strait of life was wholly tangible and met them but with shocks of unfamiliar things.

Jerome, out in the yard, took his sister by both arms, piteously slender and cold through their thin gingham sleeves, and shook her hard, and shook her again.

"Jerome Edwards, what—you doin'—so—for?" she gasped.

"'Ain't you got anything to you? 'Ain't you got anything to you at all?" said Jerome, fiercely.

"I—don't know what you mean! Don't, Jerome—don't! Oh, Jerome, I'm 'fraid you're crazy, like mother."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

"'Ain't you got enough to you," said Jerome, still shaking her as if she had not spoken, "to control your feelin's and do up the house-work nice, and not kill mother?"

"Yes, I will—I'll be just as good as I can. You know I will;—don't, Jerome! I 'ain't cried before mother this mornin'. You know I 'ain't."

"You cried loud enough, just now in the shed, so she could hear you."

"I won't again;—don't, Jerome!"

"You're most a grown-up woman," said Jerome, ceasing to shake his sister, but holding her firm, and looking at her with sternly admonishing eyes. "You're most as old as I be, and I've got to take care of you all. It's time you showed it if there's anything to you."

"Oh, Jerome, you look just like father," whispered Elmira, suddenly, with awed, fascinated eyes on his face.

"Now you go in and wash up the dishes, and sweep the kitchen, and make up the beds, and don't you cry before mother or say anything to pester her," said Jerome.

"What you goin' to do, Jerome?" Elmira asked, timidly.

"I'm goin' to take care of the horse and finish plantin' them beans first."

"What you goin' to do then?"

"Somethin'—you wait and see." Jerome spoke with his first betrayal of boyish weakness, for a certain importance crept into his tone.

Elmira instinctively recognized it and took advantage of it. "Ain't you goin' to ask mother, Jerome Edwards?" she said.

"I'm goin' to do what's best," answered Jerome; and again that uncanny gravity of authority which so awed her was in his face.

When he again bade her go into the house and do as he said, she obeyed, with a longing incredulous look at him.

Jerome had not eaten much breakfast; indeed, he had not finished when Elmira had beckoned him out. But he said to himself that he did not want any more—he would go straight about his tasks.

Jerome, striking out through the dewy wind of footpath toward the old barn, heard suddenly a voice calling him by name. It was a voice as low and heavy as a man's, but had a nervous feminine impulse in it. "Jerome!" it called. "Jerome Edwards!"

Jerome turned, and saw Paulina Maria coming up the road, walking with a firm swaying motion of her whole body from her feet, her cotton draperies blowing around her like sheathing leaves.

Jerome stood still a minute, watching her; then he went back to the house, to the door, and stationed himself before it. He stood there like a sentinel when Paulina Maria drew near. The meaning of war was in his shoulder, his expanded boyish chest, his knitted brows, set chin and mouth, and unflinching eyes; he needed only a sword or gun to complete the picture.

Paulina Maria stopped, and looked at him with haughty wonder. She was not yet intimidated, but she was surprised, and stirred with rising indignation.

"How's your mother this morning, Jerome?" said she.

"Well 's she can be," replied Jerome, gruffly, with a wary eye upon her skirts when they swung out over her advancing knee; for Paulina Maria was minded to enter the house with no further words of parley. He gathered himself up in all his new armor of courage and defiance and stood firm in her path.

"I'm going in to see your mother," said Paulina Maria, looking at him as if she suspected she did not understand aright.

"No, you ain't," returned Jerome.

"What do you mean?"

"You ain't goin' in to see my mother this mornin'."

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"She's got to be kept still and not see anybody but us, or she'll be sick."

"I guess it won't hurt her any to see me." Paulina Maria turned herself sidewise, thrust out a sharp elbow, and prepared to force herself betwixt Jerome and the door-post like a wedge.

"You stand back!" said Jerome, and fixed his eyes upon her face.

Paulina Maria turned pale. "What do you mean actin' so?" she said again. "Did your mother tell you not to let me in?"

"Mother's got to be kept still and not see anybody but us, or she'll be sick. I ain't goin' to have anybody come talkin' to her to-day," said Jerome, with his eyes still fixed upon Paulina Maria's face.

Paulina Maria was like a soldier whose courage is invincible in all tried directions. Up to all the familiar and registered batteries of life she could walk without flinching and yield to none; but here was something new, which savored perchance of the uncanny, and a power not of the legitimate order of things. There was something frightful and abnormal to her in Jerome's pale face, which did not seem his own, his young eyes full of authority of age, and the intimation of repelling force in his slight childish form.

Paulina Maria might have driven a fierce watch-dog from her path with her intrepid will; she might have pushed aside a stouter arm in her way; but this defence, whose persistence in the face of apparent feebleness seemed to indicate some supernatural power, made her quail. From her spare diet and hard labor, from her cleanliness and rigid holding to one line of thought and life, the veil of flesh had grown thin and transparent, like any ascetic's of old, and she was liable to a ready conception of the abnormal and supernatural.

With one half-stern, half-fearful glance at the forbidding child in her path, she turned about and went away, pausing, however, in the vantage-point of the road and calling back, in an indignant voice, which trembled slightly, "You needn't think you're goin' to send folks home this way many times, Jerome Edwards!" Then, with one last baffled glance at the pale strange little figure in the Edwards door, she went home, debating grimly with herself over her weakness and her groundless fear.

Jerome waited until she was out of sight, gave one last look down the road to be sure no other invaders were approaching his fortress, and then went on to the barn. When he rolled back the door and entered, the old white horse stirred in his stall and turned to look at him. There was something in the glance over the shoulder of that long white face which caused the heart of the boy to melt within him. He pressed into the stall, flung up his little arms around the great neck, and sobbed and sobbed, his face hid against the heaving side.

The old horse had looked about, expecting to see Jerome's father coming to feed and harness him into the wood-wagon, and Jerome knew it, and there was something about the consciousness of loss and sorrow of this faithful dumb thing which smote him in a weaker place than all human intelligence of it.

Abel Edwards had loved this poor animal well, and had set great store by his faithful service; and the horse had loved him, after the dumb fashion of his kind, and, indeed, not sensing that he was dead, loved him still, with a love as for the living, which no human being could compass. Jerome, clinging to this dumb beast, to which alone the love of his father had not commenced, by those cruel and insensible gradations, to become the memory which is the fate as inevitable as death itself of all love when life is past, felt for the minute all his new strength desert him, and relapsed into childhood and clinging grief. "You loved him, didn't you?" he whispered between his sobs. "You loved poor father, didn't you, Peter?" And when the horse turned his white face and looked at him, with that grave contemplation seemingly indicative of a higher rather than a lower intelligence, with which an animal will often watch human emotion, he sobbed and sobbed again, and felt his heart fail him at the realization of his father's death, and of himself, a poor child, with the burden of a man upon his shoulders. But it was only for a few minutes that he yielded thus, for the stature of the mind of the boy had in reality advanced, and soon he drew himself up to it, stopped weeping, led the horse out to the well, drew bucket after bucket of water, and held them patiently to his plashing lips. Then a neighbor in the next house, a half-acre away, looking across the field, called her mother to see how much Jerome Edwards looked like his father. "It gave me quite a turn when I see him come out, he looked so much like his father, for all he's so small," said she. "He walked out just like him; I declare, I didn't know but he'd come back."

Jerome walked back to the barn, leading the horse in his father's old tracks, with his father's old gait reproducing the dead with the unconscious mimicry of the living, with the two women across the field watching him from their window. "It ain't a good sign—he's got a hard life before him," said the older of the two, who had wild blue eyes under a tousle of gray hair, and was held in somewhat dubious repute because of spiritualistic tendencies.

"Guess he'll have a hard life enough, without any signs—most of us do. He won't have to make shirts, anyhow," rejoined her daughter, who had worn out her youth with fine stitching of linen shirts for a Jew peddler. Then she settled back over her needle-work with a heavy sigh, indicative of a return from the troubles of others to her own.

Jerome fed the old horse, and rubbed him down carefully. "Sha'n't be sold whilst I'm alive," he assured him, with a stern nod, as he combed out his forelock, and the animal looked at him again, with that strange attention which is so much like the attention of understanding.

After his tasks in the barn were done, Jerome went out to the sloping garden and finished planting the beans. He could see Elmira's smooth dark head passing to and fro before the house windows, and knew that she was fulfilling his instructions.

He kept a sharp watch upon the road for other female friends of his mother's, who, he was resolved, should not enter.

"Them women will only get her all stirred up again. She's got to get used to it, and they'll just hinder her," he said, quite aloud to himself, having in some strange fashion discovered the truth that the human mind must adjust itself to its true balance after the upheaval of sorrow.

After the beans were planted it was only nine o'clock. Jerome went soberly down the garden slope, stepping carefully between the planted ridges, then into the house, with a noiseless lift of the latch and glide over the threshold; for Elmira signalled him from the window to be still.

His mother sat in her high-backed rocker, fast asleep, her sharp eyes closed, her thin mouth gaping, an expression of vacuous peace, her whole face and all her wiry little body relaxed. Jerome motioned to Elmira, and the two tiptoed out across the little front entry to the parlor.

"How long has she been asleep?" whispered Jerome.

"'Most an hour. You don't s'pose mother's goin' to die too, do you, Jerome?"

"Course she ain't."

"I never saw her go to sleep in the daytime before. Mother don't act a mite like herself. She 'ain't spoke out to me once this mornin'," poor little Elmira whimpered; but her brother hushed her angrily.

"Don't you know enough to keep still—a great big girl like you?" he said.

"Jerome, I have. I 'ain't cried a mite before her, and she couldn't hear that," whispered Elmira, chokingly.

"Mother's got awful sharp ears; you know she has," insisted Jerome. "Now I'm goin' away, and don't you let anybody come in here while I'm gone and bother mother."

"I'll have to let Cousin Paulina Maria and Aunt Belinda in, if they come," said Elmira, staring at him wonderingly. Neither she nor her mother knew that Paulina Maria had already been there and been turned away.

"You just lock the house up, and not go to the door," said Jerome, decisively.

Elmira kept staring at him, as if she doubted her eyes and ears. All her prestige of elder sisterhood, of which, however, she had never taken much advantage, had slipped away from her. She felt a certain awe of her young brother. "Where you goin'?" she inquired, half timidly.

"I'll tell you when I get back," replied Jerome. He went out with dignity, and Elmira heard him on the stairs. "He's goin' to dress up," she thought.

She sat down by the window, well behind the curtain, that any one approaching might not see her, and waited. She had wakened that morning as into a new birth of sense, and greeted the world with helpless childish weeping, but now she was beginning to settle comfortably into this strange order of things. Her face, as she sat thus, wore the ready curves of smiles instead of tears. Elmira was one whose strength would always be in dependence. Now her young brother showed himself, as if by a miracle, a leader and a strong prop, and she could assume again her natural attitude of life and growth. She was no longer strange to herself in these strange ways, and that was wherein all the bitterness of strangeness lay.

When Jerome came down stairs, in his little poor best jacket and trousers and his clean Sunday shirt, she stood in the door and looked at him curiously, but with a perfect rest of confidence.

Jerome looked at her with dignity, and yet with a certain childish importance, without which he would have ceased to be himself at all. "Look out for mother," he whispered, admonishingly, and went out, holding his head up and his shoulders back, and feeling his sister's wondering and admiring eyes upon him, with a weakness of pride, and yet with no abatement of his strength of purpose, which was great enough to withstand self-recognition.

The boy that morning had a new gait when he had once started down the road. The habit of his whole life—and, more than that, an inherited habit—ceased to influence him. This new exaltation of spirit controlled even bones and muscles.

Jerome, now he had fairly struck out in life with a purpose of his own, walked no longer like his poor father, with that bent shuffling lope of worn-out middle age. His soul informed his whole body, and raised it above that of any simple animal that seeks a journey's end. His head was up and steady, as if he bore a treasure-jar on it, his back flat as a soldier's; he swung his little arms at his sides and advanced with proud and even pace.

Jerome's old gaping shoes were nicely greased, and he himself had made a last endeavor to close the worst apertures with a bit of shoemaker's thread. He had had quite a struggle with himself before starting regarding these forlorn old shoes and another pair, spick and span and black, and heavily clamping with thick new soles, which Uncle Ozias Lamb had sent over for him to wear to the funeral.

"He sent 'em over, an' says you may wear 'em to the funeral, if you're real careful," his aunt Belinda had said, and then added, with her gentle sniff of deprecation and apology: "He says you'll have to give 'em back again—they ain't to keep. He says he's got so behindhand lately he 'ain't got any tithes to give to the Lord. He says he 'ain't got nothing that will divide up into ten parts, 'cause he 'ain't got more'n half one whole part himself." Belinda Lamb repeated her husband's bitter saying out of his heart of poverty with a scared look, and yet with a certain relish and soft aping of his defiant manner.

"I don't want anybody to give when I can't give back again," Ann had returned. "Ozias has always done full as much for us as we've done for him." Then she had charged Jerome to be careful of the shoes, and not stub the toes, so his uncle would have difficulty in selling them.

"I'll wear my old shoes," Jerome had replied, sullenly, but then had been borne down by the chorus of feminine rebuke and misunderstanding of his position. They thought, one and all, that he was wroth because the shoes were not given to him, and the very pride which forbade him to wear them constrained him to do so.

However, this morning he had looked at them long, lifted them and weighted them, turning them this way and that, put them on his feet and stood contemplating them. He was ashamed to wear his old broken shoes to call on grand folks, but he was too proud and too honest, after all, to wear these borrowed ones.

So he stepped along now with an occasional uneasy glance at his feet, but with independence in his heart. Jerome walked straight down the road to Squire Eben Merritt's. The cut across the fields would have been much shorter, for the road made a great curve for nearly half a mile, but the boy felt that the dignified highway was the only route for him, bent on such errands, in his best clothes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

Lately I have seen two plays, one American and one English, which I have been trying to look at as typical of American and English work in playwrighting, but not making it out perfectly. I must present the reader, therefore, with considerations rather than conclusions, and I hope he will prefer them.

I.

In the first place I must confide to him that I like American plays very willingly when they will let me, though I am well aware that the true critic likes things in spite of himself when he likes them at all. In compliance with this temperamental bent of mine I liked the first play of Mr. William Gillette, which I saw, perhaps inordinately, and all the more because I went to it accidentally and was made the captive of a species of surprise, of ambuscade. It was his play of Held by the Enemy, the very best of our war plays (not excepting even Mr. Bronson Howard's excellent Shenandoah), and I think the earliest; but I trimmed the balance of my over-inclination for this play by disliking quite as much the next play of his which I saw, and finding Too Much Johnson as perniciously false as he must himself have known it to be. I was consequently of a perfectly judicial mind when I sat down the other night before Secret Service, though I was quite ready to be transported by it, if it could transport me fairly, as I believe it did.

I do not know whether Mr. Gillette bothers himself much about the classical unities (one of our best-known dramatists confessed in open court that he had never heard of them), but I was vastly interested to see how closely, with or without knowing it, he had observed them. The unity of action can of course never be ignored in a play that plays, and there was an unbroken succession of events in Secret Service from the beginning to the end, with a mounting intensity, and then a declining intensity which formed effectively a beginning, a middle, and an ending. As for the unity of place, there was only one change of scene in the four acts; but what was most interesting of all was the quite Greek regard for the unity of time. The facts of the play might, without a too violent compression of the temporal perspective, have happened within the three hours of its representation; and if, after our long experience of Shakespearian largeness, we cannot count this strictness a saving virtue, yet undoubtedly it imparted to the piece the strength of limits.

Of course the play exacted from the spectator certain concessions, as the melodrama always must. It asked him to suppose a Captain Thorne of the United States secret service in Richmond, where, while our forces were pressing upon the city from all sides, he enjoyed up to a given moment an implicit acceptance from the Confederate government, with all the facilities for betraying it; though in a sojourn long enough for him to win his way into the trust and love of a Confederate general's daughter, it might have very imaginably occurred to the authorities to verify his credentials. But granting these premises (it is a little difficult in the retrospect, I find, though it was very easy in the excitement of the moment), the rest followed logically enough, and the vivid events rapidly crowded upon one another without huddling or confusion. There was not only the interest of the events, but the interest of characters very forcibly if not precisely drawn, and colored with an extremely good feeling for the different Southern types, men and women, white and black. The atmosphere of the piece is Confederate, and the patriotism is for the bad cause which the playwright does not make us wish well in making us sympathize with the generous devotion of so many of his brave people to it. He makes us sympathize, too, with the dumb devotion of the slave who plays into the hands of the spy plotting to betray his master's cause, and with the self-sacrificing heroism of the spy who chooses a treacherous part for his country's sake and declares to the girl whom he loves and whose friends and kindred he wishes to destroy, that he is not ashamed of his part. These are good points, and their verisimility is heightened by the low tone studied throughout; with all the heroic height of conduct portrayed there is no tall talking; the tone is that of business. One might say that some notes in Captain Thorne's part were quite below the lower register of reality; but the dramatist, who took this part, made them carry conviction. Still, there is a point beyond which champagne cannot go in dryness without danger of ceasing to be champagne, and this was the point which Mr. Gillette almost touched at times. It was the kind of thing that is called a good fault, an error in the right direction, the direction of nature, human nature, American nature. It is always better to underdo than to overdo; it is still better simply to do, and this was obviously Mr. Gillette's purpose when he underdid. There was a person of the drama whom another good actor, Mr. Brownsmith, simply did, and that was Lieutenant Foray, the military telegraph operator. The part is very slight, but Mr. Brownsmith absolutely lived it. With Mr. Gillette, the playwright side is the best side; but he is also an actor of the right sort, and it is encouraging to observe that he is our own sort of actor; he follows in his own gait such masters in simplicity as Jefferson and Mayo.

I thought the whole piece was very evenly, not to say very perfectly played, and I liked especially the handling of the military character and military conduct in it. There was not a soldier looked or said anything but to my fancy looked and said it as a soldier of the great civil war would have done it.

There had to be a villain in the piece; you cannot have a melodrama without a villain: it would be absurd; but still, as villains go, he was a man of sense, and acted strictly in the line of his duty, though willing to glut a private grudge in its fulfilment. It was a little hard that he should be baffled at last, for beyond a certain rancor and rashness there was nothing wrong in his behavior. But the piece had somehow to end well; to manage this somebody had to be sacrificed; there was no other bad person in it, and the villain was sacrificed.

I hint a fault here and there, and hesitate dislike; but I have not stinted myself in my praise, and I am going to applaud the piece yet a little more for certain negative merits. There was not, so far as I can remember, a soliloquy or an aside in it. Mr. Gillette had wholly cast away these poor crutches, these feeble props of the drama, and required his piece to stand quite on its own feet, as any dramatist addressing a modern audience may and should. These sorry makeshifts are no longer needed, and are always an offence and a confession of inadequate art. Then, on the ethical side the play is to be honored for the absence of indecency. This is very much to say for a play, and I hope it will not seem extravagant, for it is really true. Here is a piece pervaded by two love interests, and there is no more impropriety in the behavior of the lovers than there would be in the behavior of people of average good breeding in real life.

The love interest is well enough in the tragic phrase it takes between Thorne and General Varney's daughter, and I can fancy young people preferring that; but where it is burlesqued with the aid of Miss Odette Tyler, in the love-making of Caroline Mitford and Wilfred Varney, it is much more to the mind of later life. To such a mind all the manifestations of amorous tenderness seem a little ridiculous; and Miss Tyler interpreted the passion with just the touches which commended it to humorous tolerance, and made it an unfailing pleasure to the spectator. Within the range afforded her by the part of a very young girl—who is always a lady, though with some temptations to be a hoyden—rejoicing in her American birthright of unlimited freedom and unlimited power, and ready to dare any number of things that she will not do, she was as natural and simple as Duse herself. Every moment of her characterization was precious. If she made merely a chirping sound in her throat, or looked over her shoulder, she filled the stage; and she had invented a little, girlish, bird-like trip, or call it a hop, which had an incalculable value, which was graphic, which was creative. It all made one wish to see her in some other character, to test by variety the compass of her talent, so delicately effective and subtile within the limits of this; though whether it could bear the test is another thing. What remains evident is that she is a temperament of the rarest and finest, and that what she has here to do no one else could imaginably do so well, though we have never been wanting in actors or actresses who could fill certain rôles with the very forms of nature.

II.

After I saw Secret Service, I was talking it over with a friend, and the question arose whether it would read, whether it was literature. "For instance," I suggested, "that exciting scene in the telegraph office which plays so wonderfully well, but where there is so very little spoken: would that read?" "Yes, if the action were all written out, as stage-direction," he decided, and I inclined to think he was right. "But not so well as a play of Pinero's," I maintained; and here I incline to think I was right; unless the play were The Hobby Horse, which I went to see the night after I had seen Secret Service. I am not sure that would read, and I am quite sure I should not care to read it; which is not at all my feeling in regard to the other plays of Mr. Pinero which I have seen. They have hitherto struck me as literature in the same sense that Ibsen's, Björnson's, Sudermann's, Hauptmann's, Maeterlinck's plays strike me as literature; I am not saying that they are better or worse literature. Distinctly, however, I think that, without disadvantage to their dramatic quality, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The Notorious Mrs. Ebsmith, and The Benefit of the Doubt, are admirable pieces of literature; and I think that The Hobby Horse is neither good acting nor good reading. At the same time I am aware that The Notorious Mrs. Ebsmith emptied Mr. Hare's houses and that The Hobby Horse filled them; but so much the worse, I say, for his houses. Apparently our theatre-goers do not wish, from Mr. Pinero, his best, but his worst. Perhaps he has written worse things than The Hobby Horse, but I could hardly imagine it of a talent which I so greatly respect. I cannot imagine any one writing anything much worse than this farce, which builds itself up from the characters of a philanthropic young wife with a passion for little pauper orphan boys, and a sporting old husband with a passion for decayed jockeys, a very love-making governess, and the middle-aged sub-humorous solicitor whom she makes love to. The decrepit invention supposes, for purposes of its own, that the young wife goes away to London and takes the governess's place in the house of a young East End curate, who falls in love with her, and asks her to marry him.

The poor stuff was played unworthily well. Mr. Hare is simply unerring; no touch of his goes astray; he gave the old husband reality and charm; and portrayed him with that exquisite accuracy, that forbearing neatness, which for me leaves him without a rival on the stage. There was no such temperament as Miss Tyler's among the ladies of his company, to do as much for their parts. The lady, for instance, who did the wife, harangued when it came to the passages expressive of her philanthropic nature; but the part, as the author had written it, deserved nothing better.

Mr. Hare's acting made me think, by its fine cognitions and recognitions, of certain differences between the new English and the new American drama, which may not exist altogether in my imagination. Each kind has grown out of the very widely different social conditions of the two countries. Here we have apparently no society in the rich, full, English sense; though we have a number of people, agreeable or disagreeable, playing at society in that sense. We cannot have any society drama of the sort more or less sighed for from time to time, because we have no universally appreciable society, the same everywhere, and related to the national life. But we have a great deal of human nature, outside of our imitation society, and it is this which our dramatists have instinctively drawn upon. They deal with the American man, the American woman, who gives an individual impress to the environment; and their cousins beyond seas deal with the English man, the English woman, who takes an individual impress from the environment. I believe this will appear to any one who compares the plays of Mr. Howard, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Herne, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Gillette, with the plays of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, Mr. Wilde. (I do not name Mr. Shaw, almost the greatest, because he does not, to my knowledge, work the society field.) The English environment is dense and established and strong; the American environment is sparse, mobile, and weak; and the difference is simply inevitable in the drama which proposes actuality to itself. I do not care to brag of our plays as compared with theirs, but I have imagined that the appeal of our plays is to something deeper, unless indeed it be only to something more primitive. It was at the point of my pen to boast the greater intensity of some moments in Margaret Fleming and in Secret Service, when I remembered certain moments in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray and The Notorious Mrs. Ebsmith. After all, it is not a relative superiority which I should insist upon, but a valuable and desirable difference.

In the cases before us we have Mr. Gillette at his best and Mr. Pinero at his worst. Yet even in Mr. Pinero at his worst, the point I have suggested seems to me evident. Mr. Hare's old sporting squire is not only himself, but he is whatever his social terms, his conventions oblige him to be; and this is true of the other persons in the play. Their peculiarities are limited by their civilization; but Mr. Gillette's people make their social terms, their conventions, from moment to moment, and transcend them whenever they like.

I do not know how much a sense of all this was in Mr. Gillette's mind, or how much his play was merely an effect of his nerves, his instinct. In any case he has given us a drama which tingles with Americanism, and which we cannot see without fancying ourselves a nation, if not a race.

W. D. Howells.

THE DEATH PENALTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The bill introduced by Representative N. M. Curtis, of New York, "to reduce the cases in which the penalty of death may be inflicted," has now become a law. Roughly summarized, it abolishes the death penalty as to all crimes within the jurisdiction of the Federal courts except treason, murder, rape, and capital offences enumerated in the articles of war for army and navy; and even in murder and rape cases a jury is permitted to qualify its verdict of guilty by adding, "without capital punishment," the penalty then being changed to life imprisonment at hard labor. The report of the House Judiciary Committee carries an appendix, in which are grouped the fruits of a painstaking inquiry of Mr. Curtis into the state of the law concerning capital punishment in all civilized countries, from which he concludes that the United States "have undoubtedly the bloodiest code in the world."

The Federal statutes covering this subject may be said to have been inherited from the English criminal code, and have undergone little change in their century of existence. They enumerated sixty offences punishable by death. One of President Jackson's messages contains statistics which show that during the first thirty-seven years of the republic conviction of a crime easily capable of proof was not hard to obtain, and that death was pretty sure to follow conviction of those crimes most revolting to public sentiment. Thus we find that of thirty-nine persons tried for murder, thirty-five were convicted and twenty-two hanged; and of nine tried for treason six were convicted and five hanged, witnesses in such cases being presumptively abundant and public sentiment strong. On the other hand, of four persons tried for rape, only one was convicted, and he was hanged, conclusive evidence of such a crime being hard to get, but public sentiment very strong. In the cases of crimes committed on the high seas, we find the differentiation following the same lines yet more plainly: for murder, there were three trials and two convictions, both followed by death; for sinking a vessel at sea there was one trial, the accused being convicted but pardoned; while for piracy there is the remarkable record of sixty-seven trials, sixty-six convictions, and only eight executions—a contrast which may be explained by the fact that most of the acts of piracy committed in those days were phases of the slave trade, which, though formally condemned by statute, were winked at by the populace, and hence commonly pardoned.

Coming down to very recent times, we find, in a report from the Attorney-General, that in the years 1890, 1891, and 1892, of a total of 271 persons indicted in the United States courts for murder, only sixty-three were convicted, and only thirteen of the convicts put to death. In other words, taking for our index the commonest of capital offences, and that which has preserved in all epochs the most constant measure of public abhorrence, we must be struck with the great change which had come over the operation of the law; for the ratio of convictions to trials had declined, in the course of sixty-five years, from about ninety per cent. to twenty-three, while the ratio of executions to trials had declined during the same period from more than fifty-six per cent. to less than four.

It was the steadily increasing disproportion between trials, convictions, and executions which convinced Mr. Curtis that public sentiment has been undergoing a marked change. A first hasty glance at the figures might lead one to infer a lowering of the value commonly set on human life, since the penalty for taking it has been of late so seldom enforced. Second thought, however, will suggest the inquiry whether the valuation has not risen, rather, since the life even of a person convicted of a heinous crime is considered too precious to be taken by organized justice itself, except in rare instances.

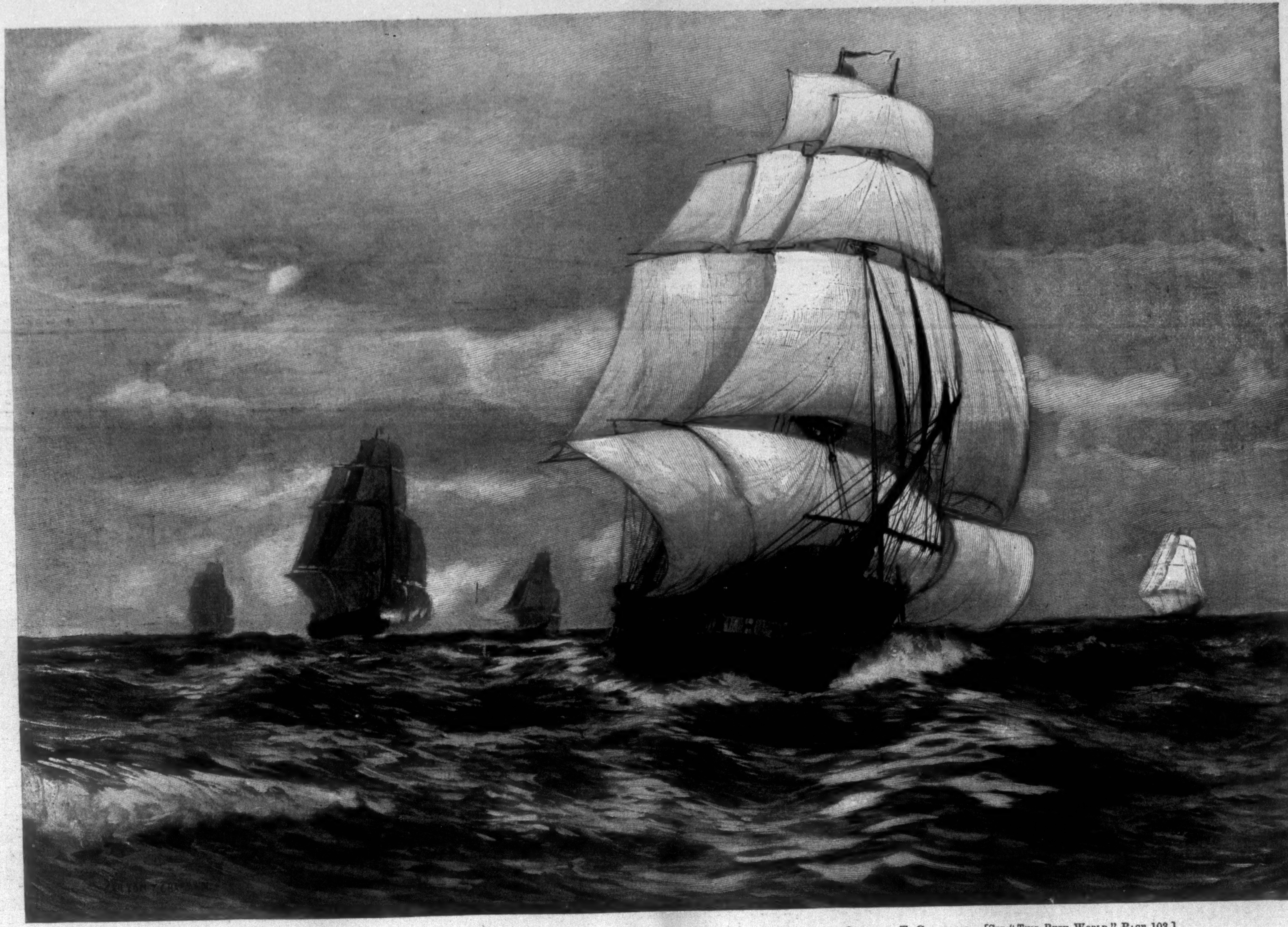
These considerations led naturally to the question whether a law which received apparently so feeble a support from public sentiment was not worse in its effect on social morals than no law at all. The fling of a murderer arrested several years ago, that "hanging is played out in New York," is often quoted as proof that there ought to be no more mistrials or acquittals or pardons till the notion cherished by this fellow has been rooted out of the minds of all his class. Some extremists have gone even to the point of urging the extension of the death penalty to a larger list of crimes. But the alternative suggestion is seldom broached—that a moderate law rigidly enforced may carry more terror to the heart of the criminal than a rigid law moderately enforced. Is it not the absolute certainty of punishment of some sort, rather than a mere possibility of extreme punishment, which takes the spirit of bravado out of him? To the discussion of this phase of the problem Mr. Curtis has made an interesting contribution in his collection of data concerning the abolition of the death penalty for common crimes in other countries and in several of the United States.

From Brazil comes the report that "capital punishment has been abolished for all crimes, and no increase has been noted in criminal statistics"; like reports come from Costa Rica, Italy, and Russia; while from Portugal comes the statement that "the number of homicides formerly punishable by death has actually diminished since the abolition of the death penalty in 1867." No reports as to the effect of the change come from Guatemala, Venezuela, or the fifteen cantons of Switzerland, where the death penalty has been abolished. On the other hand, Colombia reports "a marked increase of atrocious crimes"; and a five years' experiment of abolition in Ecuador appears to have resulted in so considerable an increase of crime that the death penalty was restored for four offences.

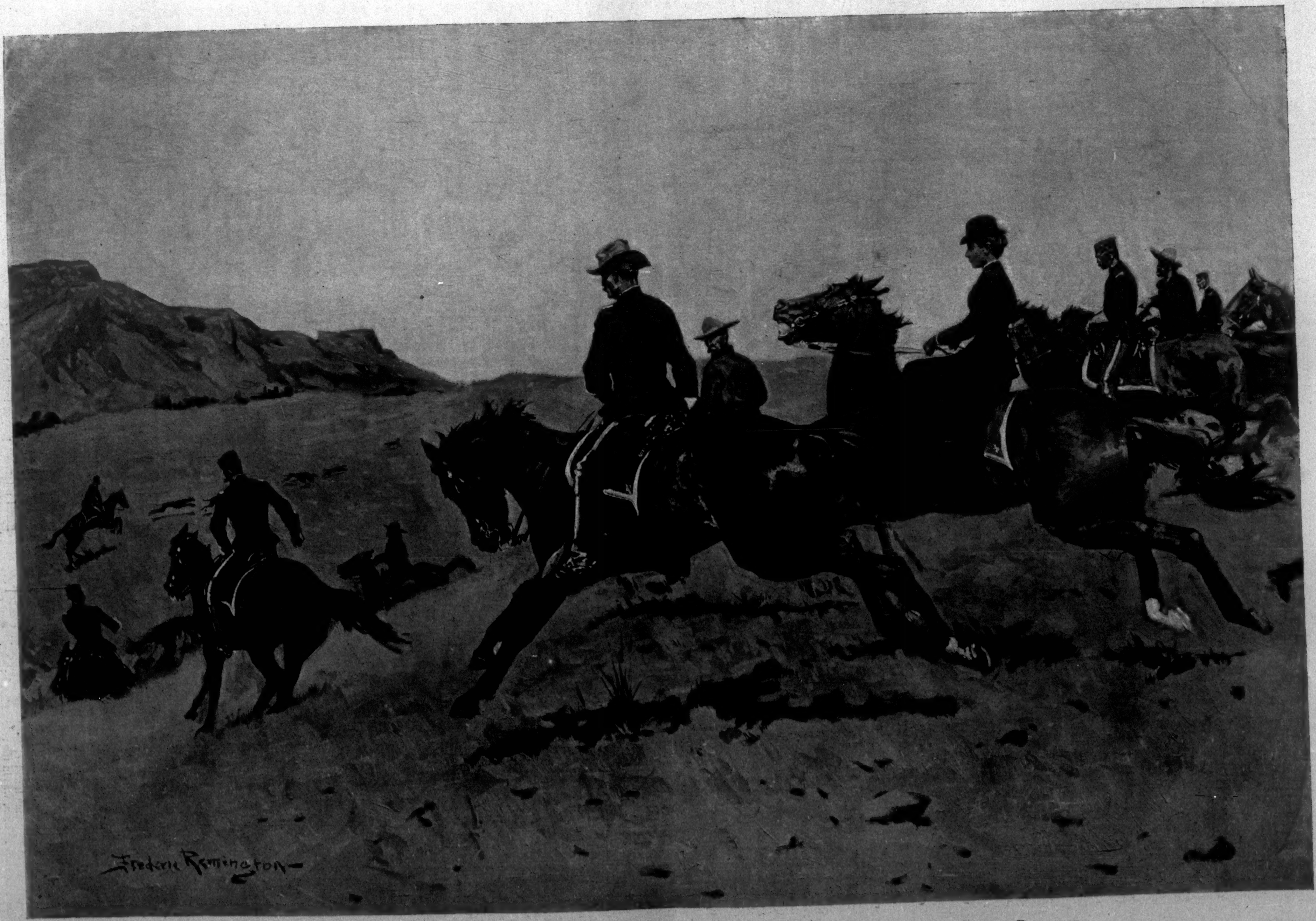
In only four of our States—Maine, Michigan, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin—has the death penalty been wholly abolished. In the other forty-one States it ranges in application from one offence, as in Pennsylvania, to ten, as in Georgia. No statistics are given as to the resulting increase or decrease of crime, but a record of the number of legal executions of the death penalty and the number of lynchings from 1890 to 1895 might be supposed to throw some light upon the general social influence of an ultra-rigid criminal code. For convenience we reduce these statistics to tabular form:

State.	Offences punishable by death.	Legal executions in six years.	Lynchings in same six years.
Georgia	10	75	96
Alabama	7	47	116
Louisiana	7	32	104
Maryland	7	17	7
Arkansas	4	40	73
Missouri	4	29	21
North Carolina	4	20	14
South Carolina	4	47	34
Virginia	4	30	44

That too broad an inference must not be drawn from this comparison is evident from the fact that Mississippi, though recognizing only one offence as capital, has a record of thirty-two legal executions and ninety-eight lynchings, while Michigan, without power to inflict the death penalty lawfully, inflicted it lawlessly three times during the period under consideration. It is obvious that differences in social organization in the various sections of the country must be taken into account. Density and character of population, race antagonisms, and, in the older communities, respect for tradition, are all-important ele-



NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812—"THE CHASE OF THE 'PRESIDENT.'"—FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.—[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD," PAGE 103.]


Frederic Remington

WINTER PASTIMES AT AN ARMY POST IN THE SOUTHWEST—A RUN WITH THE HOUNDS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

ments. A hard and fast code well adapted to one part of the country might prove a failure in another. The Federal statutes cannot of course recognize sectional lines in prescribing penalties for crime. Hence the wisdom of such an elastic system as the Curtis bill proposes, whereby, in all save a few instances, the degree of severity with which a crime should be punished for the best interest of society in any particular district is left to the discretion of a jury of the vicinage.

VOICES OF LONDON.

Where two or three are met, there I am with them, said the Lord.
Oh we've folk enough and sin enough to take Him at His word.
Many curses make one prayer, mounting with things most despised,
Smoke and din of toil, till even the sky is humanized,
Mounting with the blended discords of six million warring lives,
Till all the angry tumult in one pleading voice survives,
Till the need of laboring millions builds a bridge to reach the sky,
Where sits the Bridgeman watching, watching, watching from on high:
At sunset from a bridge that flames, answering the evening fires;
Just before day 'tis ashen gray, as when the spark expires
That lit a life. And we have seen the Bridgeman's forces form
To scourge with lightning from that bridge battalions of the storm;
We've heard His voice in thunder-peals roll down that awful slope;
We've heard Him whisper "Peace, be still," and bid the desperate hope.
Oh night and day, alway, alway, a voice calls from the sky:
"Who comes *this* way? *Who* comes this way?" It is the Bridgeman's cry.

MARRION WILCOX.

INCIDENTS OF LEE'S LAST STRUGGLE.

THE BATTLE OF SAILORS CREEK.

IT has happened very rarely that any one has been so placed, either as spectator or participant, as to be able to see and to describe a battle. Some minor engagement, perhaps, with small contending forces, may have come under observation in such a way as to enable the looker-on to say he saw it, but anything worthy to be called a battle must be of such proportions and generally upon such ground as to render this impossible, and descriptions of battles are made up, as a rule, from what many persons saw and from the results.

In writing something of the battle of Sailors Creek it is not my purpose to attempt a description of that conflict, but simply to give some account of the part the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment took in it, and to recall some of the impressions and experiences of what was, though of short duration, to us a memorable struggle. On the 2d of April we had been in the front line of the assaulting column at Petersburg which carried the heavily fortified works at Fort Fisher, and had captured two guns and a battle-flag. On the 3d, 4th, and 5th, our corps having been—so we were told at the time—attached to General Sheridan's command by his special request, was making forced marches, keeping up with the cavalry in that relentless pursuit inspired and led by him, and which no one can doubt was the secret of final success. The weather had grown very warm for the season, and after the first halt the ground for acres was covered with overcoats, extra blankets and clothing, and various little comforts which even the oldest soldiers sometimes began a campaign with, but which were gradually discarded, till only the barest necessaries remained. On the 6th we had already covered nearly twenty miles, when, about two o'clock, rapid artillery-firing was heard in front, and an order to double-quick told us that there was work ahead. A hard three miles' run followed, the men dripping and panting under their loads, but determined to be in at the death; for every one felt the end was at hand.

At the first sound of the artillery in advance, they began, without orders, to fill the magazines of their Spencer rifles as they moved along. The Spencer, at that time, was by far the best weapon in use—not so heavy as the Springfield, and surpassing it in range and precision; firing seven shots to its one, it made the regiments armed with it equal to twice their number, not only from their increased destructive power, but from the added confidence it gave, and from the fear the enemy had of it. One of the prisoners who was taken on our front at Berryville said to a comrade as they passed to the rear, looking askance at one of the smoking pieces as he spoke, "There's one o' them d——d guns!" and their theory was that we loaded up Sunday and fired all the week. The Thirty-seventh was the only regiment in the corps that had them, and it got a good deal of extra duty in consequence.

As we came to the top of a long slope, there began an immediate easy descent, running down to the creek, a winding, sluggish stream; and then an ascent, rather sharper than the one we had passed, covered with a dense growth of young pines, and intersected with deep gullies, cut out of the clay by heavy rains. At the top of the first slope, in a field to the left of the road, near an old barn, was Sheridan, on his black horse, talking to Wright, and I saw him make a gesture, with his palm turned to the front, that said, unmistakably, that whatever opposed us on the hill opposite was to be pushed out of the way. As the men recognized him, a rattling cheer went down the line, such as no other man could evoke from our corps; for he had given us the inspiration and enthusiasm of repeated victory in the Shenandoah, and every man felt and implicitly trusted his splendid leadership.

His cavalry had cut off the principal wagon train of Lee's army, and Stonewall Jackson's old corps, now commanded by Ewell, had been put in position to check our pursuit, and to save the train if possible. General Kershaw was on the right of their line, Custis Lee on the left, and the naval battalion, made up of picked men from the abandoned gunboats at Richmond, and clothed and equipped in the best English fashion, was in the rear of Lee's right, in reserve.

We began to move down the hill in column of wings, but deployed into line of battle and threw out skirmishers before we reached the creek, which was barely fordable, being up to our armpits. After crossing, line was reformed, and the regiment moved by the flank a short distance to the right, and then the order was brought us by Colonel Tom Colt, riding as jauntily and coolly as on parade, to charge up the hill. The growth of young pines was so dense that it was impossible to see more than the length of the regimental line, or to tell whether our connection on the right or left was maintained. Just here Chaplain Morse, whose place was in the rear with the ambulances, appeared in front of the line, and it took a peremptory order to send him back; he was a Methodist minister, whom we had chosen from the ranks as our chaplain, and though always faithful in the duty to which he had been unexpectedly called, he could never forget that he had come out to fight. We were now moving steadily up the hill, and stray bullets began to fly too plentifully to be pleasant. As we pushed on, I saw Sergeant Cowles, as he fell, shot through the body, wave his hand, and cheer on the men with his last breath. Instinctively we felt that a few steps more would precipitate a bloody fight; but the line did not waver, nor was there any flinching or skulking, the soldierly discipline and steadiness which General Edwards had infused into the regiment while its colonel standing it, as often before, in good stead. In a moment, as we rose to the crest, a crashing volley from an enemy still invisible tore through the pines over our heads. The misdirected aim was most fortunate for us, for the men held their fire like the veterans they were, and before the enemy could reload we were close upon them, with but few vacancies in our ranks. Then, at the word, every man poured in seven shots from his Spencer, at easy speaking distance and with deadly effect. Large numbers fell, killed and wounded, many came in and gave themselves up, some escaped, and all semblance of organization or opposition melted away from our front and disappeared. Flushed with success, we moved steadily to the front, a distance of probably 300 yards, when, the growth becoming less dense, it appeared that we had no support on either flank. Just at this juncture Custis Lee moved part of his command, comprising the naval battalion, through one of the deep gulches spoken of, around our right, and about half the length of the regiment in our rear. We discovered the movement just in time to face about, and in a moment it was hand to hand, and a brief fierce struggle for the mastery ensued with musketry at arm's-length, officers fighting with clubbed muskets and pistols, and the bayonet and the cutlasses of the sailors coming into free use for the first time in our experience. Clouds of sulphurous smoke soon obscured everything not close at hand, and it was as these opened and shifted that I had glimpses of battle groups and scenes which will always remain in my memory. One, just a momentary glimpse, seen and lost too soon to know the result, of a powerful officer in gray with clubbed musket raised to strike down Captain Chandley, who had a Spencer rifle himself, and was cocking it to fire. Another, of a flaming rebel battle-flag planted in the ground a few feet away, the centre of a desperate struggle. A blue-coated sergeant seized it with determined grasp, only to fall desperately wounded beneath its folds, when a plucky little fellow, whom I recognized through the smoke as Private Taggert, of Company B, wrested it from its hold, and carried it safe to the rear. The battle was now at its height. Blue and gray mingled in a confused mass, swayed back and forth in the eddying smoke, and fierce cries of "Down with 'em!" "Give 'em h—l!" and the clashing of crossed bayonets could be heard rising above the sound of the musketry. The intense excitement swallowed up all sense of danger, and every man fought more than valorously—almost with savage fury. Meanwhile our Spencers had again given us the advantage, and the enemy's force, broken into confused groups, was driven back into the little ravine, through which they had come in a huddled mass. We gathered at its mouth, and gave them such a terrible raking fire that they soon began to show white handkerchiefs in token of surrender, and our firing ceased.

The adjutant, John S. Bradley of Lee, a gallant soldier, always at the front, as the musketry lulled, demanded the sword of a rebel officer near whom he was standing, when the officer, without a word, put his pistol to the adjutant's breast. He saw the movement just in time to knock the pistol aside, when they grappled, and rolled over each other down into the ravine, the officer discharging his pistol into the adjutant's shoulder as they went. A rebel soldier also shot him through the thigh, and in an instant more his antagonist would have despatched him with another pistol-shot, when Private Eddy, of Company B, who had been watching his chance, as Bradley's assailant came uppermost, shot him dead. He had hardly fired, when a powerful "grayback" thrust him through the body with a bayonet, the point coming out near his spine, and he was thrown down and pinned to the ground. His antagonist then tried to wrest his Spencer from him, but he clung to it desperately, and in spite of the terrible disadvantage of his position, succeeded in firing another shot, which was fatal to his brave and determined enemy. The rebel fell upon him as he lay, but he thrust his body aside, pulled out the bayonet which transfixed him, and staggered to the rear, where he was cared for, and finally recovered.

After this, of course, we opened fire again, with deadly effect, and they gave up this time in earnest. General Custis Lee surrendered at the muzzle of Corporal David White's rifle, and we sent to rear with him and his staff nearly 300 prisoners, and a silk flag belonging to a crack Savannah battalion, besides the battle-flag already spoken of. Seventy dead were taken from the ravine, and the ambulance men said they had never seen them piled up in such heaps anywhere. During the fight a corporal, who was noted for his quiet promptitude and unvarying good behavior, becoming a little separated from the main command, found himself confronted by a rebel officer, whose surrender he demanded. The officer refused, and the corporal fired, shooting him through the body. As he fell, the corporal bent over him and told him he was sorry he had to shoot him, and that he was a Christian, and if he wished it, would pray with him. The officer eagerly assented, and the corporal knelt by his side, amidst the drifting smoke and flying missiles, undisturbed by the roar of musketry and the shouts and groans of the combatants, and offered a fervent prayer for the parting soul of his dying foeman, hostile no longer. When he had finished, they shook hands, and the officer gave the corporal his sword as a memento, and asked him to write to his wife and tell her what had befallen him. They then bade farewell; and the corporal, who had been made a target of by the rebels under the impression that he was rifling the officer's body, picked up his Spencer and went on firing.

An Irish corporal, whose brother had been killed on the parapet in the assault on Petersburg a few days before, concealed himself in a thicket, and killed nine rebels during the fight. When it was over, he said "he didn't know as it would help poor Mike any, but somehow he felt aisier about the heart."

Some men were always having narrow escapes. We had a sergeant who was famous for them. I met him just after this fight, and said, "Well, sergeant, have you had your usual scratch?" He pushed up his cap in reply, and I saw the blood trickling down his temple, which had been grazed by a bullet.

It was past three o'clock when we struck the enemy, and as the shadows fell, and the evening breeze rose and sighed a requiem through the swaying pines, all sounds of conflict had died away, and we made our bivouac close at hand. It was an exultant band that gathered with torn garments and blackened faces about our camp-fires, recounting to one another in husky voices the varied incidents of the fight, and almost every man had some trophy of the field. But the hour of victory, as must always be the case for those who help to bring it on, was saddened by the loss of many of our bravest, most tried companions, who, could they have survived that day the last battle of the war, might have "come marching home" with the rest of us. It had been a glorious victory all along the line, resulting in a loss to Lee's crumbling and disrupted army of about 8000. Who can fail to admire the splendid manhood and courage of men who, after such a march as they had made, almost without food, with disaster upon them, and defeat inevitable, could make such a stand as they did at Sailors Creek, or to rejoice that they with their children are back again with us and ours under the old flag that waved triumphant on that bloody day? Three days later came Lee's surrender, and the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac were ended.

Mr. W. E. Cameron, a participant in this battle on the Southern side, subsequently Governor of Virginia, has lately written an account of the final campaign, from which I take the following extract referring to Sailors Creek:

"But the main body of the army, consisting of Ewell's, Anderson's, and Gordon's commands, accompanied by Rooney Lee's division of cavalry, were annoyed from the early morning by flank attacks from Sheridan. In the early afternoon these attacks became so serious that Anderson was compelled to halt and go into line of battle, and this enabled Meade's Sixth Corps to close up on Ewell's corps at Sailors Creek, and the Confederates were thus brought to bay by assaults on three sides. Ewell was crushed—destroyed. Anderson's turn came next, and his thin lines were mashed up like an egg-shell's walls. The Federals took nearly 7000 prisoners, including Ewell and most of his general officers. Gordon pushed on, Humphreys contesting every inch of his progress, and finally shook off his pursuer, after losing his trains, some guns, and nearly 2000 prisoners. The affair at Sailors Creek was really a finish to any further effective work by the Confederate Army. Two corps were put *hors de combat*, and the third was so badly crippled as scarcely to equal a strong brigade of the opposing army. Many interesting incidents marked this fight. In certain parts of the field the combat was a hand-to-hand *mêlée*. An eye-witness tells that after Ewell's guard had been broken down the Federals surrounded a small body of troops near the creek. Here they encountered the marine corps from Drurys Bluff and the sailors from the Confederate fleet, under the command of Admiral John R. Tucker. The gallant old sea-dog gave the command to 'prepare to repel boarders,' and my informant says it was a sight to see himself and men going through the motions of 'cut right' and 'cut left' with their cutlasses."

ARCHIBALD HOPKINS.

YOUNG SYLVESTER'S ALLIGATOR BAG.

A "Lost and Found" Story.

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR.

IT was a well-built, silver-mounted, polished alligator bag, with the owner's name on a sterling plate on one side, and a number of foreign labels on the other. These labels lent an air of distinction to the bag which even the silver plate was powerless to impart, and assured one that it was useless to question the quality of its possessor: he was the genuine article, like the polished alligator itself. One could see at a glance that there was no cheap imitation about him.

There was an atmosphere about the bag which breathed of special cars, and trips out of town for Sundays to be spent at elegant country-seats, or runs here and there for some exclusive dance or splendid ball. In fact, during the past two years the bag had been its owner's ever-faithful companion, until he had grown to regard it as a friend quite inseparable from his most delightful experiences.

But at last had come a day when the owner of the bag looked for it in vain. The faithful friend and boon companion was lost, and it remained now to be proved whether or not its silver plate had power to pilot it home again.

The owner, young Mr. Edward Sylvester, sat by his cheerful fire and mused about its probable fate, as he listened to the raindrops pattering on the window. He had advertised for the lost bag, and now turned over the evening papers and scanned the list of other articles lost, realizing for the first time how much of interest (to the losers) was contained in this department. He thought regretfully of the foreign labels, which he valued highly on account of their charming associations, and he sat thoughtfully trying to recall those same associations, and wondering where, after all, it was the labels came from.

While he was meditating intently upon this problem he was interrupted by a knock at the library door.

"What is it?" he grunted—a trifle impatiently, for he was just endeavoring to decide whether his yellow label came from Dresden or from somewhere else.

"Some one to see you, Mr. Edward," the maid responded; "and she said to tell you it was a person as had come to bring back your lost bag."

Mr. Edward jumped up promptly. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Well, that is quick work. Why, I never put in that advertisement until this morning. Tell her that I will be down at once," he speedily concluded.

He started towards the stairs, and then paused for an instant, as he recalled the reward which had been offered, and he regretted that he had not asked the maid what kind of a person it was who had brought back the missing bag. Finally he drew out two bills, one considerably larger than the other, and thrust them into two different vest pockets, determining to judge later of the suitable amount to offer.

"If I feel called upon to give the largest," he mused, "I will just mention the fact to Uncle Edward, who will consider it a privilege to help some worthy poor person, he felt so very badly about the loss."

Then he ran down stairs and entered the reception-room.

It was Uncle Edward Sylvester who had lost the alligator bag, and this is how it happened:

Uncle Edward had lately become a member of an amateur theatrical club, where he was doing most creditable work as heavy tragedian. In fact, his first appearance had been marked with such phenomenal success that his enthusiastic friends assured him that he had made the one great mistake of his life in failing to embrace the stage as a profession.

It was in vain that Uncle Edward tried to kindle in his nephew's breast an interest in this pet diversion. He eloquently praised the talent and beauty of the leading lady, who carried everything before her, and even hinted modestly that his own appearance on the boards was not unworthy special mention, but he could not succeed in overcoming young Edward's keen dislike for amateur theatricals. He did, however, after some persuasion, make him promise to attend the very fine performance which was to close the long successful season.

Yet, despite his uncle's efforts, young Edward did not see the last and greatest triumph of the year, for he was unexpectedly detained downtown on business during that whole eventful evening. And Uncle Edward was himself kept at his office until so late an hour that he almost despaired of taking part in this great evening's triumphs. He had just time to swallow a mouthful of dinner before the carriage which was to take him to the hall arrived, and hastily collecting some articles which were to lend the final touches to his make-up, he called for his brown leather bag, and then discovered that he had left it at his office.

"No matter; bring me Mr. Edward's—quick," he called out to the maid, who was returning empty-handed. "You'll find it in his room."

When he afterwards calmly reviewed the excitements of that memorable evening, Uncle Sylvester only marvelled that no greater catastrophe had finally resulted than the loss of his nephew's alligator bag, containing those important finishing touches which the tragedian was forced to do without. For such dire confusion had prevailed before the curtain rose, so many things had been forgotten, mislaid, or overlooked, so many people had misunderstood or had failed to remember charges intrusted to them, that it was certainly a miracle that everything went off without a hitch at last. And Uncle Edward's high tragedy rose to an altitude which it had never reached before. Perhaps the thought of the lost bag brought with it a touch of inspiration, and lent an added shade of all-pervading gloom to his interpretation of his dismal part. At all events, there was but one other performer whose success eclipsed that of Mr. Sylvester. This was Miss Patty Lincoln, the leading lady, who far surpassed her former brilliant efforts, and was more spirited and sparkling than ever.

As Mr. Sylvester recalled the events of the entire evening he came to the conclusion that he could *not* remember when he last saw his nephew's alligator bag. On his way to the hall the carriage had stopped twice—first for Miss Lincoln, who came laden with boxes and bundles; and again for another member of the cast, who came out with her arms full of stage properties. Mr. Sylvester had twice alighted to assist these ladies, and he thought that the bag might have fallen from the carriage on one of these occasions, for when they had reached their destination, and all the boxes, bundles, etc., had been carried within, the bag could not be found. Nobody could remember bringing it in, though all seemed to think that they had seen it somewhere. After a fruitless search, all came to the conclusion that the "tragedian's" bag must have been lost out of the carriage.

But they were wrong in their surmises, as people generally are who come to a unanimous conclusion of this sort; for all the time Mr. Sylvester's bag was comfortably reposing in a secluded corner of Miss Patty Lincoln's dressing-room, where somebody (that mysterious personage who does strange things and never knows it) had tucked it in behind a table, which no one thought to move, and which concealed the bag successfully until the day after the great performance. Then an expressman sent to remove all Miss Patty's belongings discovered it, having overturned the table while moving that young lady's trunk.

And so it came about that on the following day, when Miss Patty's maid was busily engaged in unpacking and in putting away her mistress's belongings, she paused, exclaiming, "Why, Miss Patty, where did this bag come from?"

"How very queer!" her mistress answered, with a puzzled look, crossing the room to inspect the strange bag, and then her eyes rested upon the silver plate.

"Why, this must be poor Mr. Sylvester's missing bag," she cried, "which he felt so distressed about the night of the performance! Now where could that expressman have found it? Susan," she added, "I will write a note explaining how I came to have the bag in my possession, and you can take it to his house this very evening."

When Miss Patty had finished her dinner that night, and had seen her mother and father start off for the theatre, she sat down at her desk to write to Mr. Sylvester.

Then came a sudden inspiration. Why not take it back herself? It would be such fun. Poor Mr. Sylvester had been so cut up about losing the bag that he would be quite overjoyed to get it back. As she dwelt on this idea, Miss Patty's active brain mapped out a most amusing and dramatic picture of the return of the lost bag. She would go shabbily attired and thickly veiled, and would deceive the owner by pretending to be some worthy person in need of a reward, and then lift her veil and have a hearty laugh at the kind, elderly tragedian. He was so old that it would be quite proper, and Susan could wait outside for her.

She rang the bell and stated her intentions at once to Susan, who did not receive them with any of the enthusiasm exhibited by her mistress.

"It is beginning to rain, Miss Patty," she remonstrated.

"No matter," her mistress replied, decidedly. "I will wear my mackintosh;—not my nice one, but that shabby old black one. And please bring me down that old English walking-hat, which I put aside to give away."

Susan complied reluctantly, and a few minutes later mistress and maid sallied forth. It was a most unlovely evening, and was rapidly growing more unlovely every moment; the rain was beginning to fall heavily, while gusts of wind blew against their umbrellas.

Susan again remonstrated: "Oh, Miss Patty, what would your mother say to your starting out in such a rain?"

That young lady, however, was determined not to draw back, having once set out, and having decided to carry out her little joke, she turned a deaf ear to Susan's numerous protests, and they hurried on, despite the steadily increasing storm, Susan carefully protecting the alligator bag under her water-proof cape.

They walked at least half a dozen blocks before they came in sight of Mr. Sylvester's house, which they were a long time in reaching, owing to the great strength of the wind, which now blew furiously against their umbrellas as they struggled on. Just as they reached the flight of steps which led up to the house the wind caught Miss Lincoln's veil and whirled it off into the darkness.

"Susan, my veil—quick. Can't you get it?" she cried, anxiously. "Why, half my fun is gone without it. I don't believe I'll leave the bag at all now."

Susan, who from the first had failed to find the slightest element of fun in their adventure, and who did not relish the prospect of carrying home again the somewhat heavy bag, suggested, "You might just let me hand it in, Miss Patty, now that we're here."

"No; I will do it myself," her mistress said, decisively, taking the bag from Susan. "I don't believe that he will ever recognize me in this old hat and mackintosh, he is so near-sighted. You can wait right down there by the area door, where you will be out of the wind, until I come. I sha'n't be gone but a few minutes."

Miss Patty Lincoln grasped the alligator bag, and ran up the long flight of steps and rang the bell. While she stood there waiting she acknowledged to herself that had she realized how bad the storm was going to be she would not have ventured out on such a foolish errand, and she concluded that the inspiration which had prompted the expedition was, after all, far from a happy one. Her mackintosh was dripping, her hair was blown about her face in sad confusion, and she was in a most wet and bedraggled condition generally.

A maid opened the door, and she inquired if Mr. Sylvester was at home. The maid regarded her a trifle suspiciously, said that she thought he was, but would go and see, and asked if she had "any message."

Miss Patty regarded her indignantly, and stepped inside. "Will you tell Mr. Sylvester that I have come to return his bag?" she said, rather severely, and the maid ushered her into a small reception-room which led off of the hall.

Miss Patty glanced into a mirror which hung over the mantel, and viewed her forlorn aspect with satisfaction. He will *certainly* mistake me for some poor woman who has come for a reward, she meditated, drawing the old walking-hat still further over her eyes, while she decided that she needed no added disguise to deceive Mr. Sylvester's near-sighted gaze.

A moment later she heard a quick step on the stairs, which announced his arrival, and placing the bag conspicuously on a chair, she drew back into the shadow of the drapery curtains near the window, drooping her eyes demurely, and sinking her chin deep in the upturned collar of her mackintosh.

He entered the room, and she heard a low whistle as he picked up the missing bag and then stepped forward to discover the bearer of it.

Miss Patty still kept her eyes fixed on the ground as she advanced a little from the shadow of the curtains. "If this is your bag, sir," she ventured, meekly, disguising her tones as much as possible, "I should like to claim a reward for returning it to its owner." She paused an instant to see if he had recognized her voice, but he apparently had not the least idea that he had ever seen her before, and stood watching her in silence.

It was really too stupid of him not to know her, standing face to face with him, and she might just as well enlighten him at once, since he had proved himself so easily deceived. "Why don't you show some joy at the return of your lost treasure?" she demanded, changing her tone completely, and looking up at him with an arch smile, her eyes brimming with mischief.

Instantly her expression changed, and she drew back as if she had received a sudden electric shock; for her glance rested, not upon her old friend Mr. Sylvester, but upon a total stranger, young and very handsome.

He remained quietly inspecting her from head to foot, with a puzzled but evidently admiring gaze, while she stood there feeling herself growing more and more confused and wretched. Oh, why had she come to put herself in such a dreadfully humiliating position? How could she ever have fancied that a joke of this kind could be at all amusing? And what had become of old Mr. Sylvester? She became more and more conscious of her bedraggled hat, her shabby mackintosh, and her untidy hair as she vaguely now recalled that she had heard something about there being a young Mr. Sylvester. Yes, she remembered that Mr. Sylvester senior had once spoken in her presence of a nephew who lived with him.

How could she ever make the nephew understand this most absurd caprice? It seemed to her that any explanation which she might offer would fail to justify her very eccentric conduct. And in one tragic moment it flashed through her mind that it would be far better to carry out the rôle which she had undertaken at first, and to pretend to be the worthy poor person in need of a reward, than to disclose her true identity. Anything was surely preferable to acknowledging to this aristocratic six-footer that this forlorn, bedraggled creature standing before him, alone and apparently unattended at so late an hour, was the charming and much admired Miss Patty Lincoln.

Meanwhile the young man was saying, reassuringly, "Yes, this is my bag, and I am very glad to get it back again." And as he spoke he mentally ejaculated, "What a lovely face she has, with those delightful little ringlets blown about it, and how sadly in need of a reward she must be to venture out a night like this!"

Young Mr. Sylvester was, however, wholly at a loss to account for the sudden change from her first self-possession to the overwhelming confusion she now exhibited.

"May I inquire where you found my bag?" he questioned, thinking to himself: "She has seen better days. Oh, any one can see she is a lady."

Alas, poor Patty! She felt that the plot was thickening, but determined that whatever happened she would pass successfully through this trying ordeal; so she braced herself to face the fire of the enemy. "I—I found it on Beacon Street," she stammered.

"Oh, yes, precisely," he said, pleasantly. "My uncle must have lost it from the carriage when he stopped there for some friends. I really can't begin to tell you how glad I am that the bag wasn't lost. I assure you that I value it tremendously." He had made up his mind to give her both the bills which he had tucked into his vest pockets.

Patty meanwhile was wondering if the bag had been given him by some one he was very fond of. If not, why should he care so much about it? Of course it made no difference to her who gave him the old bag; her one thought was to get away as soon as possible.

"I'm sorry you should have to be out on such a stormy night," he ventured, glancing at her dripping mackintosh. "Won't you take off that wet garment and dry yourself before starting out again?"

"No, I thank you. I must go at once," Patty replied, hurrying towards the door.

Young Edward Sylvester rather awkwardly pulled out the two bills and hastily extended them, remarking, "You will, however, let me give you something for your trouble."

The color flew to Patty's temples as he extended the obnoxious bills, and she experienced a strong desire to run away from them; but realizing that such a curious proceeding would never do, she quickly took the bills, without once glancing at them. "Thank you," she murmured, faintly, and hurried out into the hall.

The owner of the bag wondered why she did not vouchsafe a look at the extremely generous reward which he had thrust into her hand, and which apparently she was in such sore need of; she somehow made him think of Cinderella flying from the Prince, and he smiled to think of Cinderella in a mackintosh, though it rather pleased him to picture himself in the rôle of Prince. There was certainly something very mysterious about her, which aroused his curiosity, and made him determined to fathom the mystery if possible.

"Won't you allow me the pleasure of seeing you upon a car? or can't I call a cab for you—" he hesitated.

"No, no," she exclaimed, decidedly. "I don't mind the storm in the least, and I have only a little way to go."

"Then let me accompany you that far," he persisted, taking down his coat.

"No, indeed—I am not alone—I have a friend outside," she protested, fumbling at the door-knob.

Young Sylvester stiffened visibly. So there was a friend outside. Of course; he might have known that such a pretty girl would have a friend outside. Perhaps the friend was going to reap the benefit of the reward, which he had made absurdly large. He silently opened the door for her, and as he did so a gust of wind blew the rain into their faces. He took her umbrella to open it, and Patty from the doorway peered down into the darkness.

"I left her at the foot of the steps, near the area door," she said, trying to penetrate the darkness and to discover Susan's protecting presence.

Young Sylvester's interest revived. The friend was, after all, only a "she." "I will find her for you," he said, cheerfully, and putting on his hat, he ran down the steps.

"Susan! Susan! where are you?" called Patty from the doorway, but no response came back from below. The young man took a general survey, and then returned.

"There is no one there," he announced, in a tone of satisfaction. He was beginning to feel that there was more romance in real life than he had heretofore been willing to acknowledge.

"Why, where can she be? What can have happened to her," exclaimed Patty, in distress.

"Don't be alarmed," he responded, consolingly; "undoubtedly she is waiting for you downstairs, for I dare say the maids have invited her to step inside, out of the rain. I really can't let you stand out here any longer in the storm," he continued, holding open the door for her to pass through. "I must insist upon your taking a seat inside while I look up your missing friend."

Patty sank obediently into a chair near the door, while he hastened across the hall and disappeared down stairs.

When the door closed upon Susan she had stepped into the corner next the area door, where she could comfortably brace her umbrella against the wall, and where she was somewhat sheltered from the rain. Here she stood patiently meditating upon the folly of her young mistress, while her wet umbrella grated against the brick wall, and her water-proof flapped in the wind.

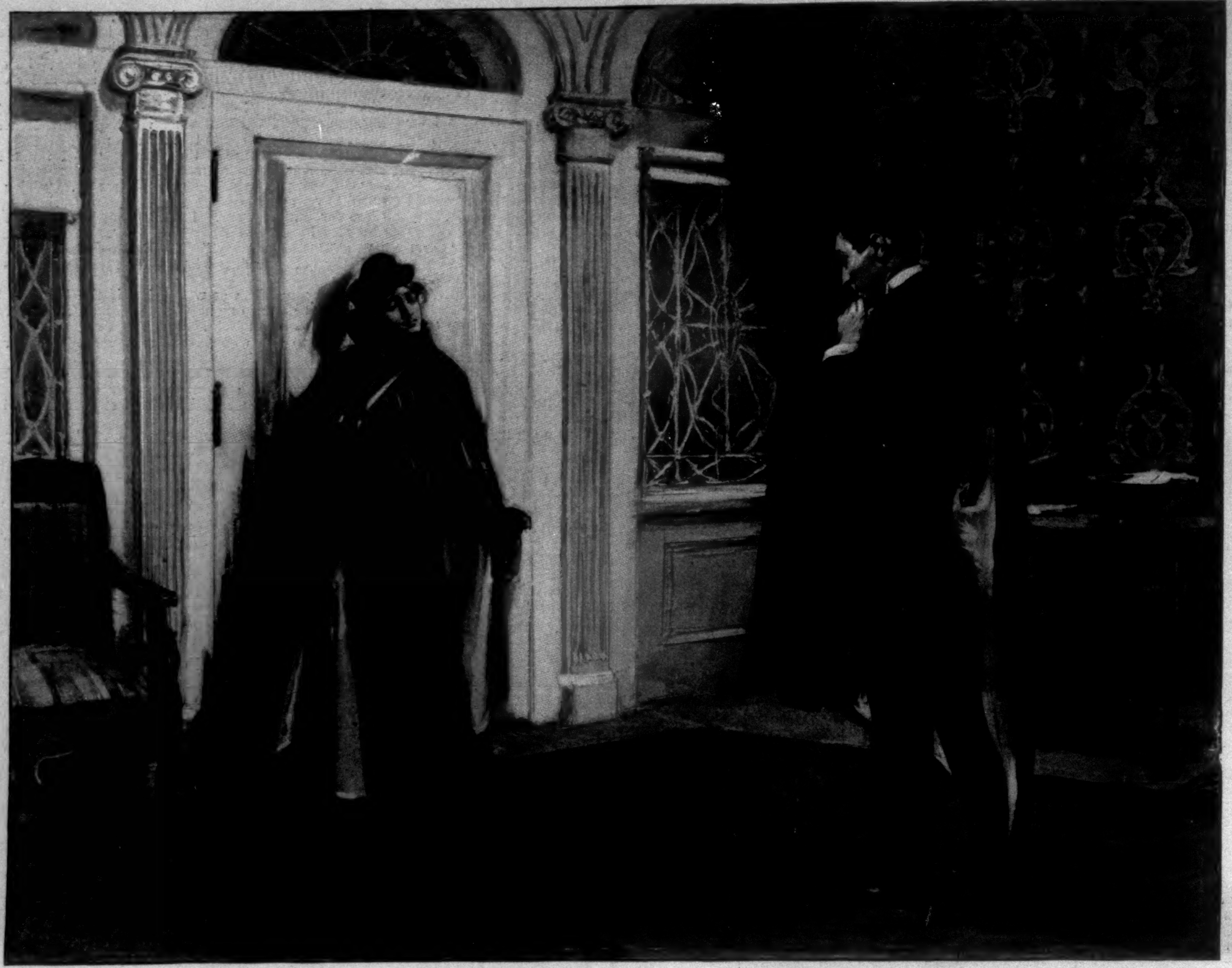
It happened that upon this same evening Mr. Sylvester's parlor-maid was entertaining two cousins belowstairs. One of the cousins was a most lively and entertaining young man, who daily drove over a fashionable milk route and distributed thoroughly inspected quarts of the necessary liquid in elegant glass jars.

He was endowed with a well-trained and fertile imagination, and could tell ghost-stories innumerable of the most thrilling quality. On this account he was much envied by his brother, who could seldom think of anything to say when out in company, and who was obliged to sell just ordinary "milkman's milk" from plain tin cans.

On this particular occasion the "glass-jar" cousin was fairly scintillating horrors. All the servants sat breathless around the kitchen table, while he held forth in a sepulchral voice, telling of witches and hobgoblins, who pursued their mad careers, and visited their dire displeasure upon all disbelieving mortals.

His final masterpiece was drawing to a close, and he was giving a detailed account of a terrible black dragon which flew about on stormy nights and clutched people with its long sharp claws.

"On jest sich a night as this, when the wind's a-howlin' an' the rain's a-comin' down like cats an' dorgs, is the black dragon a-flyin'," concluded the imaginative cousin, glancing around complacently at the awe-struck group about the kitchen table. The maids sat huddled up together, scarcely daring to breathe, while the narrator endeavored to strengthen the impression by adding, "If



"'NO, INDEED—I AM NOT ALONE—I HAVE A FRIEND OUTSIDE,' SHE PROTESTED, FUMBLING AT THE DOOR-KNOB."

you'll listen, maybe you'll hear the dragon's wings a-flappin'."

An awful silence ensued, broken only by the sound of wind and rain.

Suddenly Mary, the parlor-maid, assumed an attitude of horror.

"What's that?" she whispered. "Hark! don't ye hear it? It's his wings, as sure as fate!"

They all listened. A sound like the flapping of wings against the area door was certainly audible.

"He's there—the dragon!" screamed the cook, throwing her apron over her head.

The story-teller was quite aghast himself, though he tried not to show it, and experienced a similar sensation to that awakened in the breast of the "Witch of Endor" when the spirit of Samuel actually appeared; his jaw fell, but fortunately nobody noticed his expression, for at this moment the "other cousin" asserted himself.

"Haw!" said he, heroically; "it's only the wind."

"No, no," insisted the cook; "I seen one of his black wings flap, myself, I did."

"Haw!" jeered the sceptical cousin again, feeling himself rapidly becoming the hero of the hour; "come, an' I'll pluck his wings, thin, from the black burrd." He strode boldly towards the door, followed at a safe distance by the rest of the party, the cousin with the imagination bringing up the rear with the poker.

Arrived at the door, the leader paused and peered through the glass, while those behind him shuddered at his boldness.

A dark figure was dimly outlined against it, and something resembling a black wing tapped against the pane from time to time. All but the champion cousin drew back in terror. He remained undaunted, and bravely thrust open the door, while the others all shrieked and hurriedly retreated, noticeably headed by the story-teller.

The champion took a step forward. "Be off wid ye!" he shouted, striking wildly at the fluttering wing.

Alas, poor Susan, quietly resting in the shelter afforded by the area door! She was just picturing the displeasure which Miss Patty's mother would exhibit when she learned of their expedition, when suddenly the door behind her flew open, and she was startled by the sound of what might have been termed a loud "composite scream." This was instantly followed by a heavy blow on her left shoulder-blade, which sent poor Susan staggering forward.

What had happened she knew not, though visions of highwaymen and horrible explosive bombs floated through her mind. She uttered one terrified cry and fled.

At the same moment the champion began to comprehend that it was no ghostly substance with which his well-developed fist had come in contact, and he started after the retreating figure of Susan to offer some explanation. She, however, catching sight of him, only fled more wildly, while, to add to her discomfiture, a gust of wind turned her umbrella inside out, and whirled it from her hand far out into the middle of the street.

Susan plunged after it, and, as it proved, at a most unlucky moment; for just then a herdic came dashing towards her. She drew back hastily, but, owing to the slippery condition of the street, lost her footing and fell. The driver, catching sight of her, turned his horse, but it was an instant too late; in spite of his efforts, one wheel passed over Susan's foot.

Poor Susan lay quite still and groaned, seemingly unable to rise. The cousin sprang forward and endeavored to help her, assisted by the herdic-driver. At this moment a policeman came to the rescue, and with his aid Susan was easily deposited in the herdic; she offered no resistance, as the pain in her foot made her quite faint. The policeman told the driver to take her over to the Emergency Hospital at once, and the remorseful cousin, anxious to atone for his unlucky blow, offered to see her safely there, and drove away beside her in the herdic, gallantly supporting her drooping and half-conscious form.

It was several minutes before young Mr. Sylvester reappeared; and when he did, he seemed troubled and agitated.

Patty looked at him inquiringly. "Isn't she downstairs?" she asked.

"I'm very sorry," he said, miserably, "but I fear that your friend has suffered some slight injury from a careless herdic-driver. Pray don't be alarmed," he exclaimed, as Patty sprang quickly to her feet; "I'm sure she's not much hurt. The servants happened to be looking out at the time, and they tell me that they saw some one slip down, and that a wheel, they thought, went over her foot. Some of them ran out, and with a policeman they helped her into the herdic and drove over to the hospital. Oh, I can't tell you how very badly I feel about it. If you will let me, I'll go right over there at once myself."

"Oh, poor, poor Susan, what shall I do?" cried Patty, wringing her hands. "This is a sorry ending to my evening's fun. Oh, Mr. Sylvester, I must tell you the truth, before any more terrible things happen—though I don't know what you will think of me," she added, desperately.

Sylvester paused, with one arm in his overcoat, and eyed her in amazement, wondering if her friend's accident could have affected her mind in any way.

"Let me go over to the hospital at once and find out just how your friend is," he broke in; "it will relieve your anxiety about her, I'm sure. I can't believe that she is more than slightly hurt."

"Oh, I hope not; she has always been such a good, faithful creature. She is my maid, Mr. Sylvester, and I—I am Miss Patty Lincoln— Oh dear, how can I ever make you understand?"

Then, without daring to glance at her companion, she hurriedly set forth all the particulars of this most tragic joke, while a smile of slowly dawning intelligence gradually lighted up his comely features.

"And when you appeared, instead of your uncle," Patty cried, "what could I do but pretend to be some poor woman who had come for the reward? Even that was less humiliating than letting you know the truth." And at this point she quickly drew forth the two bills from her mackintosh pocket and handed them back to him. "I was going to return them by mail," she said, solemnly, "but now no more deception is necessary."

He pocketed the bills mechanically, still smiling.

Poor Patty felt that her haughty spirit was completely broken, and she fancied that he was regarding her with mingled scorn and pity. Surely this was more than she had deserved. She resented his complacent smiling bearing, and felt a wild desire to cry. Instead, however, she drew herself up with much dignity, and said, severely, "I will not trouble you any more, Mr. Sylvester, as I do not in the least mind walking home alone; indeed, I quite prefer it; and I can telephone from there at once to the hospital to inquire for poor Susan." She glanced fiercely at young Mr. Sylvester, who was buttoning up his coat decidedly.

"But I feel very anxious to know how Susan is myself," he said, appealingly. "Ah, Miss Lincoln, please don't be too hard on me just because I didn't happen to be my own uncle. It's not my fault, you know, and I'll do anything in my power to atone for the misfortune if you will let me take you home safely first, and then go and inquire for Susan." He picked up his umbrella and threw open the door.

"No, no—I couldn't think of letting you—I really cannot—" Patty stepped quickly through the doorway, and paused as a wild blast of the increasing hurricane cut short her protest and banged the door behind her, leaving her standing lonely in the darkness and the storm. It was a dreadful night in which to be out all alone.

Then the door opened, and young Mr. Sylvester stood beside her. "I can't imagine how I could have let that door blow to," he cried, apologetically. He calmly put up his umbrella, and offered his arm to Patty with an assured air. "You were about to say you really cannot—?" he ventured, mischievously.

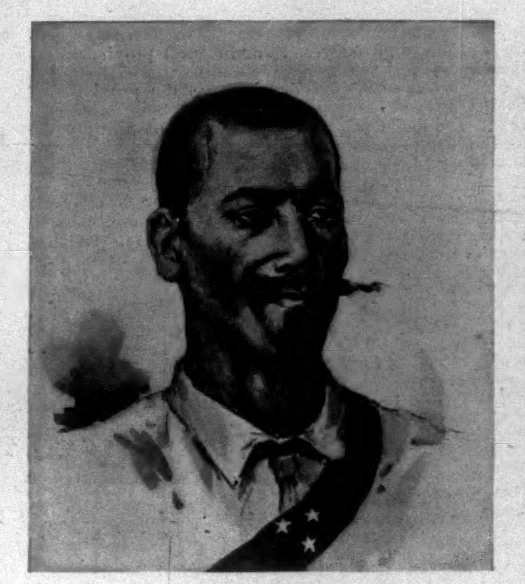
"I really cannot," Patty faltered meekly, "let you go till you have promised never to tell your uncle that I brought back that horrid bag myself."

And young Mr. Sylvester must have promised, for the door closed behind them, and together they disappeared into the storm.

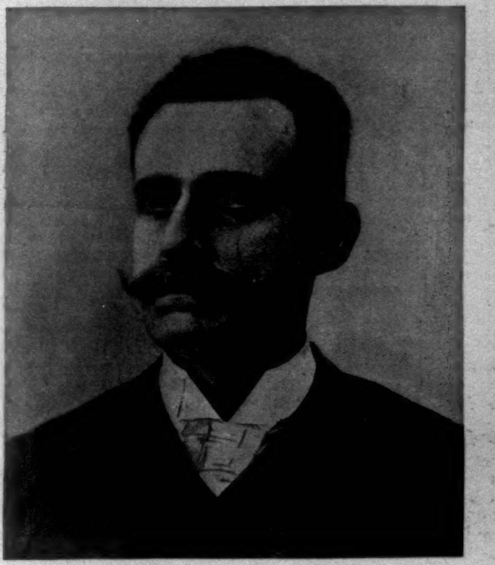
Ah, but it is a strange world, in which the unexpected always happens; for who would have believed that Susan would have ever married the housemaid's cousin after he had mistaken her for a black dragon?

And who would have thought that any young man of good taste would have maintained that Patty looked her very best in an old mackintosh and ugly walking-hat?

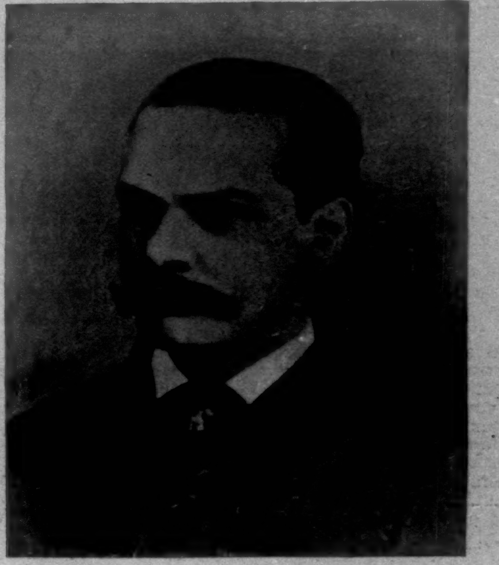
Or who would have imagined that when young Mr. Edward Sylvester's alligator bag was lost it would be heroically restored to him in a driving storm by the leading lady in his uncle's dramatic club, who took away with her, as a reward, something of greater value than the bills which the young man tucked into his two vest pockets, or even than the bag itself,—and that was young Mr. Sylvester's heart.



GENERAL JESÚS RABÍ.



GENERAL SERAFÍN SÁNCHEZ.



GENERAL JOSÉ MARÍA AGUIRRE.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

When José Maceo fell, at the Loma del Gato, a mounted insurgent leader, named Jesús Rabí, leaned over, and, lifting the body from the ground with one hand, laid it across his saddle-bow.... In regard to the same Rabí, whose physical strength is rather startling, the story goes that when heifers are brought into camp (for slaughter, of course), he sometimes kills them with a blow of his bare fist on the neck.

Such stories are not very interesting nor very serviceable, except as an introduction to better stories; and one of Jesús Rabí's fellow-campaigners, who makes himself responsible for many of the details in this characterization, evidently realizes this fact. He says that Rabí is a very temperate and humane person. In the warm climates marked abstemiousness in eating and drinking is commonly associated with phenomenal strength, and perhaps also with elevation of character. Rabí had just sat down to his supper, one evening, at eight o'clock, when a number of deserters from the Spanish army were brought to his tent.

"*Why* have you left your friends and come to us?" Rabí asked.

Then they made a pitiful story of wrongs endured—of pay in arrears—of lack of good food—

"Eh?" said General Rabí. "You are hungry? Now?"

They admitted without reserve that they were.

"Here is food," said Rabí; and he made them surround the table, from which he himself arose without having broken his fast.

One of his aides informed him that there was no more food in camp; no more food to be had.

"Oh, I can eat to-morrow, or the day after," Rabí said. "That's a small matter. The important thing is: if your enemy's hungry, give him food; if he's thirsty, give him drink."

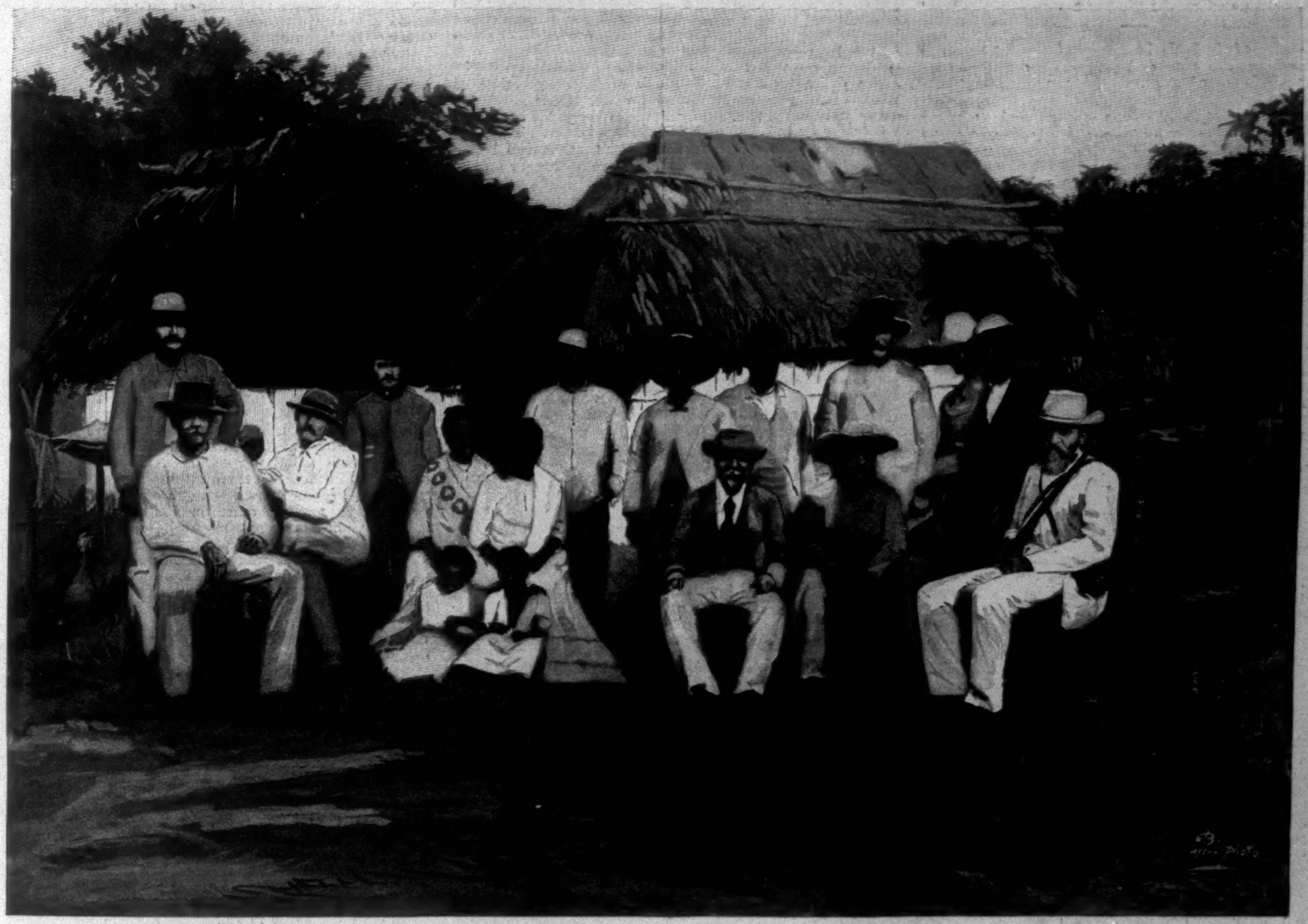
He may or may not have had in mind an authoritative statement somewhat similar in form to his own expression. His mind and his motives must always remain somewhat of a riddle, for he is half Indian—a descendant through one of his parents from the aboriginal islanders. "Yateras," it seems to me these aborigines called themselves—or Columbus, or Bernal Diaz del Castillo, or some other stout old explorer, called them. At any rate, Jesús Rabí is of a strain absolutely untouched by Reformations; of an intelligence not a bit confused by too much learning.

Here is an anecdote that shows mere instinct at the helm: On one occasion, when Rabí was encamped near Bayamo, a deserter from the Spanish garrison of that town presented himself. Now this deserter had the rank of sergeant; he was a man of prepossessing appearance; he had skill in ingratiating himself: in brief, the insurgents received him cheerfully, and their hardy chief, taking a decided fancy to the stranger, kept him near his person. The man was an amateur assassin, as it turned out, and his purpose was discovered and thwarted in the same instant of time. For when Rabí was asleep in his tent, with no one near but the sergeant, the latter drew his revolver and attempted to shoot the sleeper, but failed because the weapon had not been properly cleaned. Rabí's alert Indian senses warned him in time to prevent a second attempt. He seized the man; but then, instead of killing him, made him stand before the insurgents drawn up in line (and a Falstaff's ragged regiment they were, no doubt) while his sergeant's stripes were ripped from the traitor's coat sleeve. Then he sent him back to the garrison at Bayamo with a letter to the Spanish commander, in which he said that he had "*dishonored the man for not keeping his revolver in good condition.*"

When the present war broke out, Rabí and another rather famous leader, called Guillermón (on account of his gigantic stature), took up arms together in Santiago de Cuba on the 24th of February, 1895.

I only wish there were more to tell (and there must be a great deal more worth knowing and telling) about this last of the Yateras.

The recent death of General Serafín Sánchez should be made an occasion for some comment upon the indomitable character shown by many of the Cubans. His entire life



President Salvador Cisneros Betancourt, Marqués de Santa Lucía.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE INSURGENT CUBAN PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT AND SOME OF HIS ASSOCIATES.
Drawn by Charles Broughton from a Photograph taken on December 24, 1896.

was filled with war; or, by war, emptied of all those satisfactions that (we have the habit of saying) *must* be realized even in the security of civil life to keep the balance between hope and despair. It was his lot to fight, year after year, so long as fighting was to be had; then to endure poverty and exile; then to welcome another outbreak of hostilities, and to be killed. Antonio Maceo's career was parallel; and we might easily add a long list of the names of Cubans who have already endured twelve years of active service in the field (in *such* fields!), with never a year of assured peace since they came of age.... Some of the older generation of Americans know what four years of war meant.

Sánchez was born at the town of Sancti-Spíritus, near the centre of the island, July 2, 1846, and joined the insurgents in his twenty-third year. He took part, with Honorato del Castillo, in all the actions of the campaign of 1869, in the districts of Sancti-Spíritus and Morón; in the following year, and under the more spirited leadership of Colonel José Payán and Colonel Diego Dorado, he earned promotion by his services in the same region; in 1871 he and General Francisco Villamil were perhaps the most conspicuous disturbers of the Spanish peace there; and next we find him in Camagüey with General Agramonte. After Agramonte's death, at Jimaguayú, Sánchez was with the Las Villas troops, under Máximo Gómez.

(That was in 1872-3.... At the date of the present writing, twenty-five years after Sánchez's campaign with Agramonte, precisely the same district is the storm-centre of the insurrection. Las Villas, Camagüey, Sancti-Spíritus, are mentioned every day in the New York papers. The long-promised concentration of Cuban forces is said to be in progress there—and under Gómez once more!)

In 1874 Sánchez attained the rank of comandante; in 1875, that of lieutenant-colonel, as a reward for his capture of a Spanish fort in San Antonio del Jíbaro. His field of action extended as far south as Trinidad, on the coast directly below Santa Clára, in 1875-6; then, as an aide of General Carlos Roloff, he took part in the affair of Las Nuevas de Jobosí, in November, 1876. The unstable government of a short-lived republic gave him the title of colonel in 1877, and he bore his full share in the arduous campaign of Las Villas against Martínez Campos, until the treaty of Zanjón (1878) brought rest to others—not to him. The very next year he was in arms again, with Calixto García, in the eastern provinces—a brigadier without a following, for in the island at large the revolutionary play was played out. With three companions he sailed from Cuba in an American vessel; he accepted no conditions; he would have no palaver with the successful Spaniards; he just went away to Santo Domingo, where he supported himself by manual labor, "seeking *con afán y con fe*," as his biographer in the *Album de El Porvenir* says, "some practical solution of the Cuban problem."

Now, however this problem is to be solved, there is to be no further help or hinderance from Serafín Sánchez.

Such an enumeration as that which has just been given, of unknown campaigns under unknown petty leaders, would be tedious enough if it were not so obviously the shortest way to establish the one essential fact that some at least of those who participated in the ten years' war, and who responded to the summons in February, 1895, have literally had their weapons in use, or held them ready for use, throughout the entire period. We have just traced poor Sánchez's efforts briefly as possible from year to year.

In the case of José María Aguirre (whose portrait is also given herewith) another phase of the conditions induced by war became a part of a restless enthusiast's experience, and for a time checked his activity.

A native of Havana, Aguirre studied and practised revolution from the time he became a man until he was twenty-nine years of age; then, after Zanjón, he settled in Havana to study and write revolution. He was a "separatist," attacking the government through his contributions to periodical literature. Next, joining hands with the man whose influence was paramount so long as he lived—Martí—he became a conspirator. Then, of course, occurred the interruption in his career to which reference has just been made. Together with that General Julio Sanguily who figures in the despatches from day to day, he was imprisoned in Morro Castle, February 24, 1895.

More fortunate than Sanguily, Aguirre was released after a while, at the request of Consul-General Williams; came to New York in August, and returned to Cuba, in command of an "expedition," September 21.

One of the precepts that must be learned by playwrights Aguirre somehow made his own, proving in and out of season that he knew the three essentials to be *action* and *action* and *action*.

Recently the report was circulated, and pretty generally believed, that he had died from disease in the province of Havana, where he commanded the Cuban forces. During ten days or more it was impossible to ascertain the truth—a thing to suggest what the war must signify to those Cubans and Spaniards whose sex or age will let them share only in the passion of the thing. The report being contradicted "on positive information" January 13, was "confirmed" January 16, and the date of his death given as December 29.

The poor help each other. General Carlos Roloff who was mentioned above as Sánchez's chief in 1876, is a Pole, and that is equivalent to saying that quick sympathy for any people in distress is his birthright. He was living in Cienfuegos, on the southern coast of Cuba, when the ten years' war began. To his prompt co-operation, and to the influence he wielded among the younger men, much of the strength that the movement gained in 1869 has been ascribed. His services in the field were rewarded with the unfeigned respect of his companions in failure, with the rank of major-general, and with exile—for Señor Trujillo says that the cajoleries (*halagos*) of the Spanish government could not induce Roloff to return to his adopted country so long as the conditions which he had generously striven to improve remained unchanged. Practically, therefore, the failure of the revolution involved exile, and Roloff lived for several years in Honduras. Afterwards he was in Key West, and at the present time, as Secretary of War for the insurgent Cuban provisional government, he is in New York city. The circumstances of his arrest a fortnight ago, on a warrant procured by the Spanish Consul-General, charging participation in a filibustering expedition, have been sufficiently described in the New York daily newspapers dated January 16 and 17.

Another officer of the insurgent Cuban provisional government—the President—is shown, with his physician and a number of friends, in a drawing which appears in the present issue of the **Weekly**. The interesting photograph, redrawn by Mr. Broughton, is a snap-shot taken, as we are informed, on the 24th of last December, the Spanish *Noche buena*, Christmas eve—still Christmas eve, in spite of everything, for both Spaniards and Cubans.

MARRION WILCOX.

THE CUBAN REVOLT.

Spain is now making her supreme effort for the suppression of the rebellion in Cuba. Men and money have been lavished without stint to this end; a free hand has been given to the Captain-General to use any means he may see fit to resort to for the accomplishment of the purpose in view, and the Madrid government has loyally supported his policy on all points. An army of 200,000 regular troops and 50,000 men raised locally has been in the field since last November. Already nearly three months of the dry season have slipped away; in another three months the season when effective military operations can be satisfactorily conducted will have elapsed. Unless Spain can deal a decisive blow to the insurrection before the end of April next, the efforts and sacrifices she has so cheerfully submitted to will, for all practical purposes, have been made in vain. Spain cannot increase her army in Cuba; at most she can only send 25,000 or 30,000 men during the next six months to fill the vacancies caused by wounds and sickness, and even to do this will cause a further great strain on Spanish finances. If, therefore, with the present forces nothing decisive is accomplished in the campaign now in progress, the Spanish position will become virtually untenable.

WEYLER'S INEFFICIENCY AS A SOLDIER.

The events of the past three months leave serious doubt as to the ability of the Spanish commanders to cope successfully with the difficulties before them. General Weyler threw a force of some 75,000 men into the country to the west of Havana, where Antonio Maceo and some 7000 rebels had been located for nearly the whole of 1896. The Spanish army was detailed for duty on the Trocha, to garrison the towns and forts, and to form flying columns to march rapidly from district to district in the province of Pinar del Rio. In the face of this concentration of troops the rebels broke camp and dispersed in different directions, small bodies of men only being left to hold certain difficult passes and mountain ranges. Nor could the Spanish generals ever succeed in driving these scattered groups together into such position as to force a general engagement. The troops, marching continuously from point to point, were constantly harassed by the rebel fire, and an occasional skirmish took place. But no action of any real importance has been fought in this Pinar del Rio Province. Maceo crossed the Trocha for the purpose of putting himself at the head of the rebels in the province of Havana and attacking General Weyler in the rear.

By a lucky accident of war for the Spaniards Maceo was killed. His death was not, however, in any sense a credit to General Weyler's conduct of operations, for Maceo was in the province of Havana whilst General Weyler was searching for him in the hills of the western section of Pinar del Rio. After the death of Maceo a couple of weeks of comparative inaction followed. General Weyler completely failed to take advantage of the shock caused to the rebels by the loss of their boldest leader. Then the Spanish commander-in-chief decided that, Maceo being dead, the rebels in Pinar del Rio were no longer an important factor, basing this assumption on the fact that the insurgents made no further attempt to concentrate. A more fatal error General Weyler could not have committed. No rebels in Pinar del Rio have surrendered, no arms have been captured, only some 250 men have been killed or taken prisoners by the Spaniards. General Weyler is, however, acting as though the rebels had suffered a decisive defeat, and is withdrawing some 27,000 men from Pinar del Rio for service in Havana, Matanzas, and the eastern provinces. Reliable information from Pinar del Rio is to the effect that once the withdrawal of these 27,000 Spaniards is effected, the rebels will assume a more aggressive policy, the more especially so as they have been re-enforced by over 1000 men from the east. The rebels in Pinar del Rio will, therefore, be quite as strong as they were six months ago, and, moreover, all reports tend to show that they have sufficient food-supplies in this district for several months to come, in spite of Spanish official declarations to the contrary. Dr. Zertucha, who surrendered after the death of Maceo, estimates the number of rebels in the fighting ranks now in Pinar del Rio as between 7000 and 8000, well armed, and with a fair supply of ammunition. In these conditions the rebels are in a position to carry on a guerilla warfare for years, if necessary, against a very large body of troops, always provided that ammunition can be obtained and food is available. Expeditions have brought and will continue to bring the former, the country contains the latter, so far as cattle and other food animals and edible roots are concerned.

THE TACTICS AND ACTIVITY OF THE INSURGENTS.

In the province of Matanzas there are some 8000 rebels scattered over the country in small groups, in Havana about 6000, in Santa Clara probably 10,000 or more. The instructions issued by the rebel commander-in-chief to the different commanders of these districts are of a most positive character. The insurgents are to avoid fighting on all possible occasions; they are only to return fire when such is absolutely necessary in self-defence; wherever they can do so they are to prevent any work being done on plantations; they are to harass columns of troops when such can be done without any great danger to themselves.

Throughout the western and central districts of the island destruction of property goes on apace. The rebels burn cane-fields, destroy farms, wreck villages on all sides; the troops burn all farm buildings left by the insurgents, and drive all the country people into the towns, in accordance with the decree ordering the inhabitants to desert their homes and concentrate at certain points. Between the destruction caused by the insurgents on the one side and the troops on the other, there will soon be no cultivation of the soil in the western and central provinces outside the fortified zones.

Close to the dividing-line between the provinces of Santa Clara and Puerto Principe a second Spanish Trocha, or fortified line, has been constructed from Júcaro on the south coast to Morón on the northern littoral. This line is held by 14,000 Spanish troops, the object being to obstruct any communication between the insurgents of the eastern provinces and those of the western districts. Hitherto this line has not fulfilled its purpose, Máximo Gómez having forced it with some 1500 men in the early days of last month. From the Trocha eastward is generally regarded as "Cuba libre," the Spaniards only holding the towns of Puerto Principe, Minas, Nuevitas, and Santa Cruz del Sur in Puerto Principe, and Gibara, Holguín, Baracoa, Guantanamo, Santiago de Cuba, Manzanillo, Bayamo, and Tunas in Santiago. The rebels number from 20,000 to 25,000 men under arms in these two provinces.

The aim and object of the insurgents in the western half of Cuba is to hold their present position and to force Spain to maintain a very large force in the western districts. Not only does this mean a less number of troops available for active operations in the eastern section, but it also means that the war is to be indefinitely prolonged. Every day in existing conditions is an advantage to the rebels, every month a victory. Spain's disbursements on account of Cuba now reach $10,000,000 monthly, and this is to the rebels one of the most important factors in the revolt. It is uncertain if Máximo Gómez will make any demonstration in force in the western part of the island. Indeed there is not much object in his so doing if his subordinates can carry out his instructions to prevent work on the plantations and to hold their own against the endeavors of the Spaniards to drive them eastward. To judge from the events of the past six months, it is quite possible for these orders of Máximo Gómez to be executed without his presence being required to enforce them. Rius Rivera in Pinar del Rio, Castillo in Havana, Lacret in Matanzas, and Máximo Gómez himself in Santa Clara should be able to carry on a successful guerilla warfare until the wet season comes round to paralyze the action of the Spaniards. Meanwhile the rebels in the two eastern provinces, under the direction of Calixto García, are every day consolidating their position and becoming steadily a more formidable enemy for the Spaniards to deal with.

THE EFFECT OF MACEO'S DEATH.

The effect of the death of Maceo on the revolution has fallen far short of Spanish expectation of the results such an event would produce. It was, undoubtedly, a severe reverse to the insurgents, and probably is the heaviest blow they have received since José Martí was killed in May, 1895. Maceo was a bold and intrepid leader of men, and the beau ideal of a guerilla chief. But he was not the brains of the revolt, and his death does not mean that the revolution is to come to an end. Moreover, there are a score of other men able and willing to take Maceo's place, though possibly they may not be so invariably successful in the execution of daring acts of warfare. The death of Maceo leaves the direction of the insurrection in the hands of white Cubans, and eliminates the fear that the colored element may demand an unfair share of the spoils if the revolt succeeds in establishing the independence of the Cubans. I may mention, *en passant*, that Dr. Zertucha, against whom so many accusations have been levelled, is, if the weight of evidence is any criterion, perfectly innocent of the charges made in connection with the fate of his chief, and had he not surrendered, no breath of suspicion would have fallen upon him.

WEYLER'S BRUTALITIES.

Much has been said about the pacification of Pinar del Rio by General Weyler. This so-called pacification deserves something more than mere passing mention. General Weyler's interpretation of the word has an entirely different significance from that generally given it in English phraseology. Judging by what has taken place in Pinar del Rio during the months of November and December, the word pacification means the extermination of the inhabitants and the complete desolation of the country. General Weyler ordered the inhabitants to concentrate in the towns, under pain of being considered as rebels if they failed to obey this mandate. Now the policy governing the treatment of rebels is that only dead rebels are good rebels; that policy was carried out to the letter in General Weyler's recent campaign in Pinar del Rio. Dwelling-house, farm-buildings—everything, in fact, of value was demolished, cattle and horses were killed, property of all kinds destroyed. The excuse for this wanton destruction was that if not destroyed these things would benefit the rebels. In these circumstances no sane man can think of pacification—rather must he qualify such proceedings as a war of extermination. These same measures have now been applied to the province of Havana; later on they will take effect in Matanzas and Santa Clara. They have only one result—the women and children are driven into the towns to die of starvation, the men join the fighting ranks of the rebellion. The worst enemy of Spain could not have devised a better means to strengthen the rebel ranks than this method of General Weyler's for pacifying the island of Cuba. It is brutal and barbarous, it causes indignation amongst friends and foes, it destroys the last remnants of loyalty left amongst the Cubans, it makes rebels of many Spaniards who otherwise would never have thought of aiding or abetting the revolt.

The excuse advanced by General Weyler that these extreme measures are necessary in order to cut off food-supplies from the rebels will not hold water for an instant with anybody versed in the present condition of Cuba. Cattle farms have been without fences for a year past, and all live-stock have ranged at will throughout the country. There are plenty of cattle in the woods, and the rebels can subsist on this source of food for many months, if not years, to come. Game and other wild food are plentiful in Cuba. Edible roots are abundant in every section of the country. Starvation is possible for Cubans if they are cooped up in a town, but the thought of it never dismays them if they are free to search for the wherewithal to fill their bellies.

Where the people will feel the pangs of hunger, and are even now dying of starvation, is in the towns, to which they have been driven from the country districts by the orders of General Weyler. These unfortunates have no money to buy provisions; they cannot obtain work; the promised issue of rations by the authorities vanishes into thin air when the rations are applied for. General Weyler proposes to establish certain protected zones near these towns for these people to work in and raise crops. Does he imagine that crops will grow in a few hours, or that the workers can live on the prospects of what they may have been able to produce at the end of the next six months? Does he also think that this war is of so permanent a character that the peasantry of Cuba are to be firmly established between lines of fortifications? If he holds this last idea, as his actions seem to imply, then the revolt is of a far more serious nature than Spain has ever yet acknowledged, and the lie direct is given to the official reports so frequently published, to the effect that the progress of the campaign justifies the hopes that the revolution will be suppressed at an early date. The true effect of this concentration of the inhabitants is to destroy the productive power of the country for many years to come, and to drive the bulk of the able-bodied men into the rebel ranks. It is impossible that the Madrid government can appreciate these facts; if it did, it would never sanction the suicidal policy now adhered to in Cuba.

The policy of the authorities in Cuba for the past twelve months has cemented and intensified the hatred of the Cubans for Spanish rule. What is now passing in connection with the concentration of the population into the towns is only on a par with what has occurred previously. Hundreds of prisoners of war have been tried by summary court martial and have been shot; thousands of persons, on the mere suspicion of sympathy with or complicity in the rebellion, have been transported to the Spanish penal settlements without even the show of a trial. Everywhere homes have been broken up and families ruined through the arbitrary and tyrannical action of a government that pays small heed to justice, and knows not the meaning of mercy or pity. The guiding hand of that policy has been General Weyler, and to him alone can the responsibility be justly brought home. It is not a matter for wonder that nobody in Cuba has a word to say in favor of this representative of Spanish dominion. His own countrymen fear and hate him, the Cubans detest his name, foreigners of all nationalities judge him on his merits, and their judgment does not redound to his credit. Certain Madrid journals have lately been proceeded against for attacking the military administration in Cuba; if these same journals could expose one-half of the chicanery and corruption which are now occurring in the island, the result would astonish the world. When the Spanish nation finds out how it has been systematically befooled—as it must do at no very distant date—the explosion will be stupendous, but it will come too late to save the situation.

SPAIN WILL PROBABLY ABANDON CUBA.

That the Cubans will turn the Spaniards out of the island by force of arms is not within the range of practical possibility; that the Spaniards, by purely military operations, will succeed in effectually quelling the revolt is a contingency unlikely to occur. The probable outcome of the present struggle will be that Spain will abandon the island to the Cubans. The cost of maintaining the Spanish army in Cuba will increase steadily as the food-supplies of the country become exhausted and all necessaries and provisions have to be imported from abroad. To continue the war until the end of this year Spain will require no less a sum than $100,000,000—and more if all obligations are to be met, the arrears in Cuba now amounting to $41,000,000. With $100,000,000 Spain will, by one means or another, sustain the war for the next eleven months, and this sum she can obtain by the sale of the government rights in the tobacco and salt monopolies of the peninsula. When the proceeds of these two valuable assets are expended, the end of Spanish dominion in Cuba will be near at hand, unless the unexpected happens and the rebels are completely annihilated before that date. In all human probability, however, this latter contingency will not occur, and we may therefore expect to see the Cuban republican government installed in Havana in about eighteen months from now.

The heritage the Cubans have to look forward to is not an enticing one. Another year of warfare means the absolute ruin of the great Cuban sugar industry and the dissipation of all the accumulated wealth of the country. Years must elapse before the Cubans can hope again to develop the natural resources of their island to the level they reached before the revolt took place. They will be left with a marvellously fertile soil, and a climate admirably adapted to the production of every kind of tropical fruit; they will for many years lack capital and credit to turn their natural advantages to practical purposes.

For Spain and Cuba to continue the conflict until they present to the world an apt illustration of the story of the two cats of Kilkenny is a sad contemplation. It is for this reason that all impartial people have hoped that the government of the United States would intervene in the matter for the purpose of establishing peace. Apart from the dictates of humanity, there are certain points to justify such intervention in the eyes of international law. The two principal considerations are the damage inflicted on trade and commerce between the United States and Cuba by a continuance of existing anarchical conditions, and the lack of all protection for the lives and properties of United States citizens resident in Cuba. Both considerations offer weighty reasons why prompt action should be taken by the United States Executive to bring the war to an end, Spain having proved herself incapable, after two years of strenuous effort, of restoring order, or even of leaving any reasonable hope that she might be able to do so in the near future.

AN INSURGENT GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHED.

It has recently been urged, in arguments favoring the maintenance of Spanish dominion in Cuba, that the rebels have no civil government, and for this reason cannot be officially recognized. The rebels have a duly constituted civil government, of which the Marqués de Santa Lucía is the President. There is small room for its functions in existing circumstances in Cuba, but it has one adjunct to prove that it is not merely a paper institution. I refer to the system of prefects appointed throughout the whole island. In every district there is a prefecture, and an official in charge of it. Records are kept by these officials, and taxes are levied and collected on all produce allowed to be grown. A system of communication is kept up by these prefectures from one end of the island to the other. In this system is the nucleus of an effective administration, capable of development the instant the Spanish troops evacuate the country. It is true the headquarters of the civil government are not permanently established at any definite place, but it would be folly to attempt such a proceeding. At least half the rebel army would be required to defend headquarters established in these conditions, and nothing would be gained by so doing.

There has been a great deal of talk of late of a possible settlement of the troubles in Cuba by a concession of home-rule to the colony by the Spanish government. Washington and Madrid may come to any understanding they see fit on this matter of Spanish reforms for Cuba, but anything the two governments may do is labor thrown away, unless the rebels agree to lay down their arms in return for the terms offered. Hitherto the rebels have not been consulted in the matter, and up to date they do not show the slightest inclination to accept any arrangement as the price of their surrender. Their watchword at present is independence, and nothing else. Before the United States Executive and the Madrid cabinet waste further breath in the matter it would be wiser for the Spanish government to proclaim an armistice and to invite the rebel leaders to a conference, where the proposed concessions can be explained and discussed. Unless some such course is adopted, it is perfectly useless to make any proposal at all. Whilst everybody is weary of waiting for the end of a conflict which promises only to ruin and to revolutionize Spain and to leave Cuba a wreck for many years to come, I doubt the possibility of a settlement on the basis of autonomy. The events of the past year have raised such bitter feelings that a patched-up peace does not appear to be compatible with existing circumstances.

Havana, *January 16*. C. E. Akers.

MURAD AND THE SHEIK-UL-ISLAM.

POLITICS AND RELIGION IN TURKEY.

The recent cable despatches about the escape of ex-Sultan Murad V., since denied, and about the "hopeless condition" of the Sheik-ul-Islam, who is suffering from a cancer, were generally accompanied by comments which may give incorrect ideas in regard to the modern history and the real condition of affairs in the Turkish Empire.

Murad's mind may have become unbalanced under the influence of his isolated confinement for twenty years in the palace, or rather state prison, of Tcheragan. But when he was proclaimed Sultan in 1876, in the place of his uncle, Abdul-Aziz, who committed suicide or was assassinated soon after his overthrow, Murad did not disclose his own "total incapacity to conduct the government." The eminent physician from Vienna, whose name is not given by the papers, but which is Liedersdorf, did not pronounce the patient "unfitted by the nature of his malady for the conduct of the difficult and delicate duties of his position." The fact is that the report of the famous Vienna specialist was kept secret from the Turks precisely because it stated that the newly made Sultan would recover, under a proper treatment, from the mental shock he had received on hearing of his unexpected elevation to the Khalifate, and of the murder of his uncle, Abdul-Aziz, whom he loved. Another fact is that Murad, who had been made a Freemason in the lodge at Para, a faubourg of Constantinople, was hated by the fanatical party of the "Old Turks." They were aware that he would favor the "Young Turkey," the party which is still demanding general reforms and a Parliamentary constitutional government for the Ottoman Empire. Midhat Pasha, one of the leaders of the reform party, was the principal adviser of Murad, who was suddenly deposed, just three months after his enthronement, and the "Old Turks" party reinstated in power with Abdul-Hamid, the brother of Murad.

The change of government had to be approved by a "fetiva," or consent of the Sheik-ul-Islam, the highest religious authority in the Turkish Empire. But that authority is more nominal than real, and Haïrullah Effendi signed the "fetiva" overthrowing Murad as readily as he had signed, three months before, that deposing Abdul-Aziz. It appears that the actual Sheik-ul-Islam is suffering from a cancer, and that his condition is hopeless. But the name given in the despatch may lead to some doubts as to the identity of the personage. The importance of the Sheik-ul-Islam is not so great as to explain that cablegrams should be sent in regard to his being in good or bad health. It would be quite different if the name of Djemal-el-Din Effendi applied not to the official religious chief of the Turks, but to the famous agitator, who is considered as a kind of prophet by millions of Mohammedans, and who has worked for twenty years in favor of religious and political reforms in the Islam.

Djemal-el-Din is an Afghan by birth; he was educated at the Moslem convent at Cairo, Egypt, and has resided some years in London and Paris, associating with the revolutionists of Western Europe. He was accused of having incited the recent murder of the Shah of Persia, Nasr-el-Din, who had persecuted him, and his extradition was demanded from the Sultan of Constantinople—the place where he lived at the time of the assassination, and whence the murderer, a Babi fanatic, started upon his criminal errand. But no sufficient proofs were produced of the complicity of Djemal-el-Din, and his extradition was refused by Abdul-Hamid. It was said at the time that the agitator had renounced his revolutionary ideas and had become a favorite adviser of the Sultan, who understood that the friendship and assistance of the popular Mussulman preacher and writer would strengthen his imperial government. This must have appeared so much more necessary to the Sultan because of the opposition to his administration manifested by the Ulemas and Softas. The Ulemas are not, as is commonly believed, a sacerdotal caste. They constitute a learned body, from which are recruited the lay functionaries—the magistrates, the doctors in law, and the professors. The priests, properly called—that is, the officials at the mosques, the criers of prayers, the imans, and the preachers—do not have great influence in the Ottoman Empire. The "Chain of Ulemas," as it is called, includes the professors and the students, or Softas, the functionaries, and the candidates to public offices. Its chief actually is the Sheik-ul-Islam, but his real power is often nothing but a shadow. His principal function is to decide whether or not the resolutions arrived at in the ministerial councils are in conformity with the law of the Koran. Félix Aucaigne.

AS TO FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

Preserve me from my friend, because I
    whisper in his ear
The little secrets I'd not like a cruel world
    to hear;

And if he at some loose-tongued time gives
    forth what I have said,
The world will say he speaks the truth,
    and sadly wag its head.

But if mine enemy should spread that self-
    same truth, you see,
The world would cry "*We doubt it—he's
    the fellow's enemy!*"

John Kendrick Bangs.

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Beware of the "just as good" humbug. Dr. Siegert's is the only genuine Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

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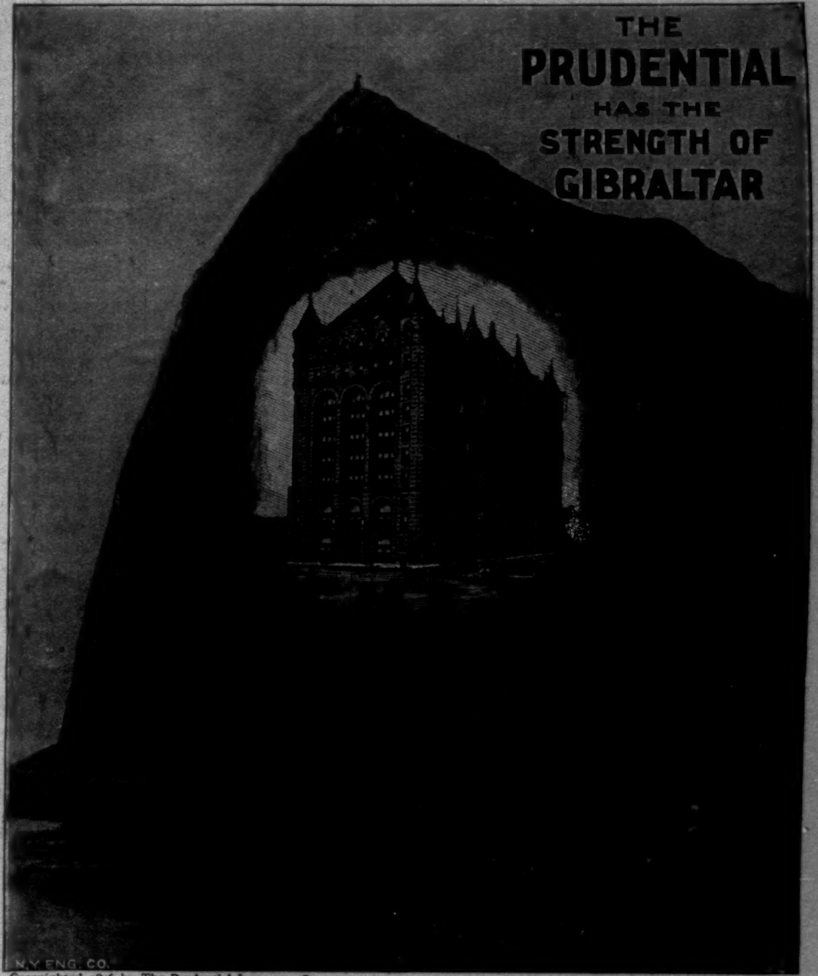

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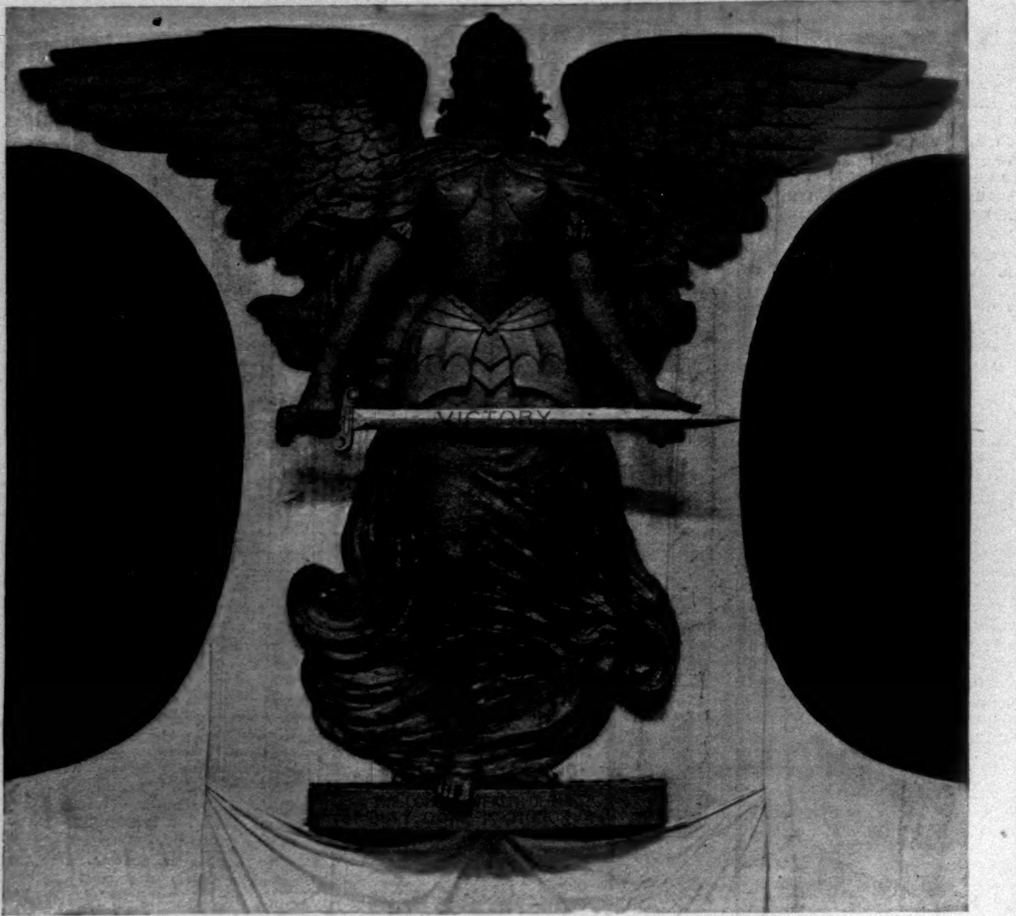

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THE FIGURE OF "VICTORY" PRESENTED TO THE BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS."

HER LETTER.

SHE has written her little letter;
  It was hard enough to do,
With mistress forever ringing the bell
  Always for something new.
When the spelling was very uncertain,
  And the writing's blotted and slow.
But she's written her little letter
  Over the sea to go.

It will carry her last month's wages—
  A couple of pounds at least.
It means for the dear home people
  No end of a happy feast.
A little shawl for her mother,
  And shoes for the baby's feet,
For the pale-faced ailing sister
  Some delicate things to eat.

She follows her little letter
  Over the plunging sea.
She sits again by the smoking peat,
  And leans on her father's knee.
There are gossiping neighbors calling,
  No end of kith and kin,
And they laugh and chat and linger
  As their endless tales they spin.

And it isn't work forever,
  With bells that make one start,
And it isn't only the wages;
  It's something tugs at the heart
And sets her laughing and crying
  As she follows across the sea
What she wrote at her kitchen table
  When she had a half-hour free. M. E. S.

FROM STATE TO SHIP.

WHILE most of the battle-ships and cruisers of Uncle Sam's navy have been presented with handsome and costly silver services, it remained for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to honor the ship named after that State with a unique emblem.

It is a winged female figure, life size, in bronze representing "Victory," and occupies the space on the forward turret between two big guns that point normally toward the bow of the vessel. It appears to the spectator to lean slightly forward, and seems to have that look of confidence that would be likely to possess a superhuman being backed by so magnificent a battle-ship.

The arms of the figure are firmly held down in front, clasping tightly a sword on which is inscribed the word "Victory." On her head she wears a helmet, and the bust is encased with steel armor. The whole figure is distinguished by its graceful pose and superior beauty, showing vigor and force, with an expression of infallible determination.

The committee who were chosen by the Legislature to select some appropriate gift for the *Massachusetts* battleship requested Mr. Bela L. Pratt, the sculptor, to submit some suitable design for the presentation. Mr. Pratt submitted the emblem of "Victory," and it was accepted at once by the committee having the matter in charge.

Mr. Bela Lyon Pratt was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1867. He began his art studies at Yale in 1885, in the School of Fine Arts, and later studied under Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, and in Paris under Falguière in the École des Beaux-Arts. Returning to the United States he designed the two large groups for the arch of the Peristyle at the World's Fair.

Mr. Pratt has been in Boston three years as an instructor of the sculpture class at the Museum of Fine Arts. His most important work during this time has been for the new Congressional Library at Washington. This consisted of six seven-foot figures for the spandrels over the front entrance, a twelve-foot figure of "Philosophy" for the inside of the dome, and a series of huge bass-reliefs.

THE ARBITRATION TREATY AND THE SENATE.

IT is very evident that the people of the country are to be disappointed if they have entertained the expectation that the treaty of arbitration with Great Britain, which was sent to the Senate fresh from the hands of Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote on January 11, will be speedily approved by the votes of two-thirds of the Senate. The Senators, upon whom the people must depend for the ratification of that instrument—a convention that has challenged admiration even where it has not commanded approval—are aware that more is expected of them than they will perform. That knowledge does not distress the body that has for years maintained an attitude of habitual indifference to public opinion.

There are many reasons for doubting the success of Mr. Olney in his effort to extort from a Senate partly made up of members of another party, and partly composed of members of the Democratic party more opposed to Mr. Olney than they are to most Republicans, a sufficient number of votes to complete the crowning work of the Cleveland administration. The most anxious friends of the principle of arbitration are apt to overlook the reasons which will chiefly control the Senators, and to accept too literally the reasons for opposition which they give to the newspapers to account for their attitude of resistance.

Among the Republican members of the Senate the first objection suggested by such men as Mr. Chandler is that arbitration is not good for us; that we have fared badly in our resorts to the settlement of international disputes through arbitrators; and that in this case Lord Salisbury has devised a "trap," into which the United States government, inspired by sentiment rather than sense, will fall in a delirious whirl of enthusiasm over the prospect of forever averting war or the chances of war.

The treaty was stronger, it is probable, and had a better chance of approval in the Senate a day after it was submitted than it had a week after it became known to the public. Senator Chandler supplied the press with ingenious but weak objections to the approval of so sweeping a measure of agreement with Great Britain; Senator Cockrell and other Democrats at once declared that they preferred to rely upon the "good old-fashioned method" of settling international disputes by fight rather than by talk; doubts began to fill the minds of Senators who had been inclined to accept the treaty at once and without question, and soon after the return of John Sherman from Canton, and his acknowledgment that he had accepted the proffer of the office of Secretary of State under President McKinley, Republican Senatorial doubt intensified.

There was already opposition enough on the Democratic side, for which no one would think of examining the treaty in order to find reasons. Excepting only about half a dozen Democratic Senators, the members of that body who sit on the right of the Vice-President's chair are animated by a desire rather to thwart than to assist the administration, and the feeling that controls these Senators is not likely to be dissipated by appeals to their judgment to deal fairly with the administration that they have regarded as indifferent to their opinions on any public question. The friends of the President on the Democratic side may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. That body of friends in the Senate has been diminishing during the twelve years that Mr. Cleveland has been before the people as a President or a Presidential candidate. It has been more intense and active since July, 1896, than it was before the month in which the Democratic party at Chicago nominated a Populist candidate on a Populistic platform.

It is very unfortunate that the arbitration treaty must depend for approval upon the votes of men who have permitted themselves to believe that the Secretary of State does not hold the Senators at the estimation of worth that they place upon themselves. Murmurs of disapproval of the Secretary were heard when he was Attorney-General, and anecdotes have been repeated to illustrate the brusqueness with which the Attorney-General was accustomed to receive, or to refuse to receive, the law-makers whom he has recently referred to as "eminent gentlemen" who do not fully comprehend the exact functions of the legislative and the executive branches of the government.

The fact is that the Senate was looking for a chance to "be even" with the Secretary of State before he provoked them by his defiant speech in the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Whatever life the Cameron resolution has now may be said to be preserved by resentment, and in spite of the conviction that the resolution is unnecessary and unwise. The feeling of resentment provoked by the assertion of the power of the Executive to alone recognize independence was still active when the arbitration treaty was submitted for approval.

President Cleveland and Secretary Olney may hope that the Senators are too patriotic and earnest to permit so important a convention as this treaty of arbitration to fail because of any small personal and political hostility that may be cherished by Senators. Possibly; but that this feeling has weight in determining the fate of the treaty there is abundant reason to fear. Secretary Olney is unwilling to believe that so puerile an opposition is to be made to the treaty. That is creditable to his patriotism, but it is a mistaken judgment of the Senators whom it flatters.

Still another reason why the treaty is in danger is that there is a lack of confidence in the Foreign Relations Committee, and that any report it may make will confuse rather than guide the Senate in voting. There is some excuse for this lack of confidence. The President recently sent to the Senate two extradition treaties—one with the Orange Free State, and the other with Argentina. Mr. Olney had constructed them upon the principle that extradition contemplates the surrender of criminals in order that crime may be punished, and upon the theory accepted by many nations that crimes may be best dealt with in the country in which they were committed. Pursuing the policy of Great Britain, of France, and of the United States, it was proposed to surrender to the Orange Free State and to Argentina the citizens of the United States who may be fugitives from justice in the land of their birth. Argentina was unwilling to agree to this, but had been persuaded to do so. The Foreign Relations Committee permitted the treaties to be corrected so as to "protect" American citizens, instead of adhering to the well-established policy and practice of the country. The Foreign Relations Committee was either unwilling or incompetent to deal intelligently with the question, and the treaties are hung up, the protest of the Secretary of State against their emasculation having been disregarded.

In an executive session of the Senate since the mutilation of these extradition treaties there has been indulgence in free criticism of the Foreign Relations Committee, and a general lack of confidence was manifested because it was not prepared to give the history of our extradition policy, and particularly the practice of the State Department, touching the surrender of citizens charged with crimes committed in countries with which we have treaties of extradition. It was seen that the Foreign Relations Committee had failed to understand the policy of the government, or had deliberately attempted to reverse it. This committee, it may be mentioned, consists of Sherman of Ohio, who is to be Secretary of State, Frye of Maine, Davis of Minnesota, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Cullom of Illinois, Lodge of Massachusetts—Republicans; Morgan of Alabama, Gray of Delaware, Turpie of Indiana, Daniel of Virginia, and Mills of Texas—Democrats. Senator Sherman, the chairman, has assumed a position of doubt. So have Davis, Cameron, Cullom, and Lodge of the Republicans, and Daniel of the Democrats. At present the other Senators are either against the treaty or disposed to so amend it as to render it necessary to resubmit it to negotiation.

A day or two after the treaty was sent to the Senate the impression prevailed that the convention would be supported by a majority vote if it were pressed for approval. Now it is evident that it is less strong than at first. It would be difficult to find a majority of Senators who would declare positively that they would vote for it. Not being familiar with the correspondence between Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote, in which appear the arguments of the English and American Premiers, they fear that the experience and traditional desire of Great Britain to secure new colonies have been employed to impose upon us, under the cover of diplomatic language, an agreement by which we shall forfeit our right to assert and maintain the Monroe doctrine, shall possibly arbitrate away our boundaries, and generally, according to Senator Chandler, "get the worst of every controversy."

Under the circumstances, anything like a trustworthy canvass of the Senate on the treaty is impossible. To assert that the treaty will be approved at this session of the Senate would not be justified by the present facts. But the margin of doubt in the Senate is large; the force of public opinion may reach the body; the Republicans who approve of the principle of arbitration may be induced to accept this application of it. A majority vote for the treaty is not out of the question. But to be approved it must have two-thirds of the votes of the Senate. Nearly half of the Senators are the implacable and unconvincible political foes of the President and the Secretary of State. Some of them cherish personal resentments against the Secretary. Senators are sometimes bold and exacting; Secretaries may be unconsciously brusque and provoking. It is not likely that the antipathy of the Senate for the Secretary will be lessened by petition. The best that can now be hoped for is that the administration of Mr. McKinley, to which the treaty will be left as a heritage, will find the Senate a more receptive body after March 3.

E. G. DUNNELL.

AMATEVR-SPORT

THE QUESTION OF SUNDAY BICYCLE-RACING is again being agitated, and much pressure bearing upon the League of American Wheelmen from its Western and Southern delegates for a removal of the proscription pronounced last year.

The statement is repeatedly made by the advocates of Sunday racing, and published and republished as fact by editors who should know better, that the better class of society in the South and in the West approves what the corresponding Eastern class disapproves. In all my travels I have never found civilized and respectable people to differ materially in their view of accepted conventions. A man is reverent, he is a gentleman, he is a sportsman, whether he lives in New York or in San Francisco; he is blasphemous, he is a "mucker," he is a "pot-hunter," whether he hails from Minneapolis or New Orleans. Environment is of no significance. The same type of man murders, steals, or lies regardless of surroundings. It is the individual and not the locality.

IT JUST SO HAPPENS that I am as familiar with the South and West as I am with the East; that I know the class of men and boys that attend Sunday sporting events in New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco, quite as well as I know the class that would be attracted by them if such were given here in New York.

It is the same class from one end of the country to the other—a class three-quarters composed of the cities' worst element, one-eighth of idlers with no inherent viciousness, but ready to flock to whatsoever affords diversion, and one-eighth of young men and old men of some respectability who have no individual resources of entertainment, and who, when not engaged at their shops, are at a loss for "something to do."

THERE IS ALWAYS THE DANGER of corruption that comes from association. That is why I am a strong believer in throwing open on Sundays the museums, the art galleries, the libraries, the park music pavilions, and thus giving to that large class which has only Sunday for recreation, as much wholesome amusement as possible. It is the closing up tight of every healthful refuge from a day of aimless wandering that drives these idle, though at first respectable, boys and men into disreputable and illicit avenues amusement-seeking.

There is more sound religion in this than a superficial reading suggests.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO the Amateur Athletic Union was confronted with this question of Sunday games, the particular defendant at that time being a St. Louis organization. It was shown then, to our complete conviction, that the class of spectators attending the Sunday athletic and baseball games was, if not of the lowest, at least not very many grades above it. It was proved that Sunday games, instead of popularizing athletics, as it was claimed they would, had directly the opposite effect. They antagonized irretrievably the better elements of St. Louis, which resulted eventually in the downfall of the local sport, and whetted the appetite of the lower elements for diversions more exciting and vicious.

BICYCLE-RACING ON SUNDAY is no more to be tolerated than horse-racing on Sunday, and should be prohibited by State law. It is not that racing on a bicycle or on a horse *per se* is more offensive than riding on a Sunday for exercise or diversion, but it is in the objectionable character of the predominating element attracted to Sunday racing, in the betting and the excitement, and in the brawling disregard of the consecrated traditions of the day.

Throughout the civilized world Sunday has been set apart by the Anglo-Saxon as a day of rest and of thanksgiving and of prayer to the Creator; whatever our individual beliefs or opinions may be, we are in duty bound to respect the day and the feelings of those that keep it holy. Reputable citizens of this great country do so. Those for whom honor and respect have no significance care neither for the Christian nor his Creator.

And from these are the spectators of Sunday bicycle-racing chiefly gathered.

If this is the class the League of American Wheelmen seeks to propitiate, then will it sanction Sunday racing. But this is not the class which stands for law and order and good government and wholesome sport, nor the one whence the L. A. W. derives its moral support and practical strength.

THE MOST URGENT APPEAL for Sunday racing is likely to come from the North Carolina delegation at the approaching (February 10) annual L. A. W. meeting, held this year at Albany. But whatever this particular delegation may claim to the contrary, the National Assembly may rest assured that Sunday racing is quite as objectionable to the best, or let me say to the intelligent and self-respecting, inhabitants of North Carolina as to the same class in other States. And that class is, in wholesome amateur sport, the dominant one in all States. If the North Carolina L. A. W. delegation represents the less desirable element of that State, rather should the National Assembly seek to reform its ethics than to yield to its clamors for official recognition of what would bring the L. A. W. into disgrace in that section of the country.

THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE L. A. W. is national, and its responsibility for the healthful conduct of bicycle-racing correspondingly important and far-reaching. Its business is to punish offenders, and to correct and so to educate the ignorant, not to jeopard the general health of the sport by tolerating and thus encouraging sectional athletic debauchery. If the demand of North Carolina for Sunday racing is granted, a delegation from Texas or Minnesota or California might present, with equal right of recognition, a claim for broader interpretation of an amateur so far as pertains to their respective territories. It might be urged by a delegation that in Texas, for example, the opinion was current that a man who raced for money was an amateur so long as he really depended on some other business for his livelihood. The recognition of such a claim would be an offence to the sportsmen of Texas and a disgrace to the sport of bicycling. And yet the claim for Sunday racing is about as preposterous.

There are no degrees in the definition of an amateur, or graduations of status, or variations of opinion on this question of ethics among sportsmen and friends of wholesome sport, whether they live in New York, North Carolina, or California.

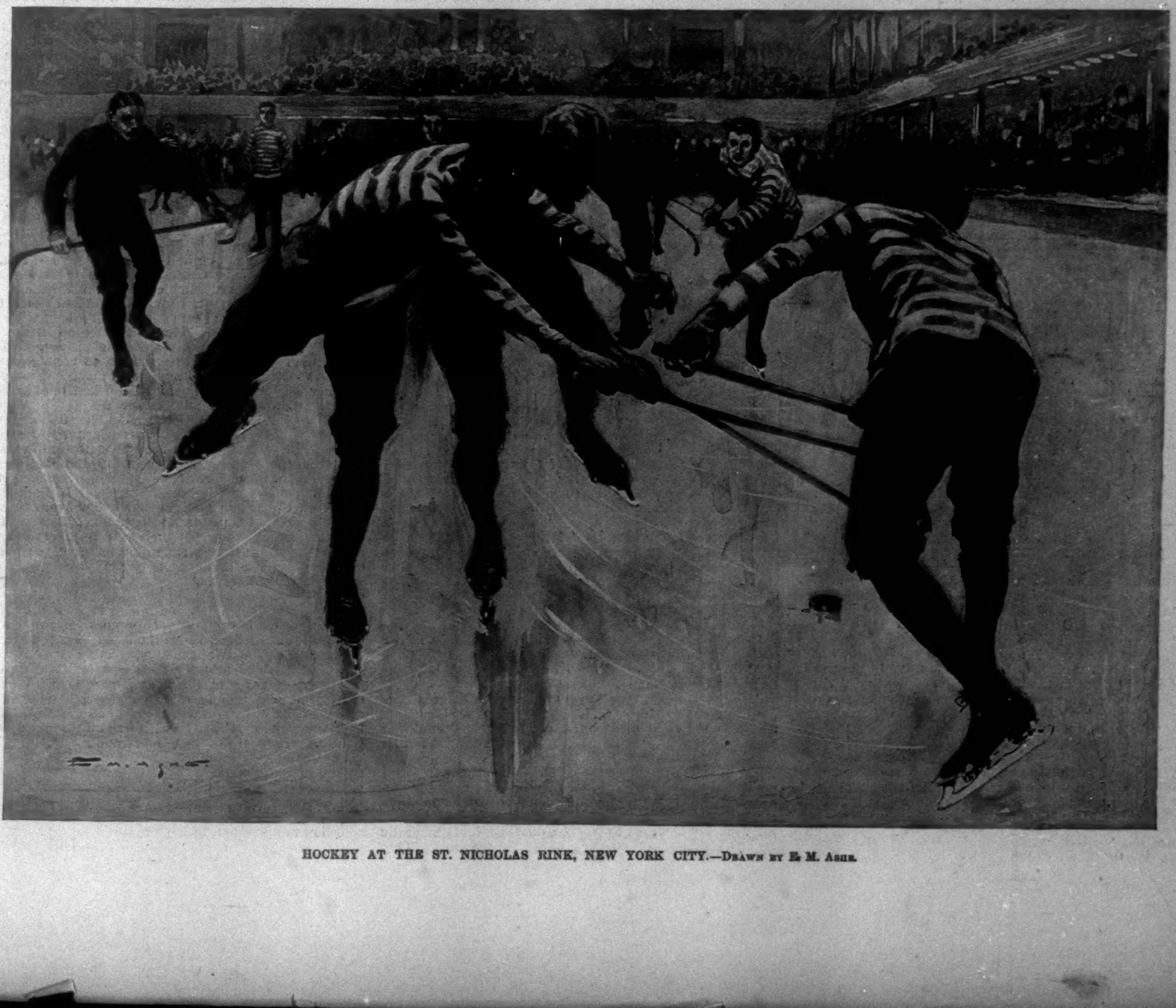
THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN is a strong and thoroughly well organized body, and its opportunities for benefiting the sport of bicycling constantly recurring. It has not always taken the most commendable advantage of them, but since the abolition of that mischievous anomaly Class B a praiseworthy solicitude for the purity of the sport has been in evidence. Particularly is this true of the Racing Board, of which George D. Gideon is a vigilant and indefatigable Chairman.

Latest returns show the membership of the League to have reached the notable total of 73,389. Of this number the New York division furnishes 20,678; Pennsylvania, 11,029; Massachusetts, 9602; New Jersey, 4743; Illinois, 3238; Ohio, 2190; Missouri, 2083; Connecticut, 1483; Iowa, 1410; Indiana, 1000. With such strength as this there can be no excuse for halting and unwholesome administration. We hope the League will appreciate on which side its bread is buttered. We trust, too, that even if it has not profited by experience, the L. A. W. will respect public opinion and resolutely withstand the efforts making to secure its recognition of Sunday racing.

THERE WILL BE OTHER MATTERS come up for action before the National Assembly, and none more important or more vexing than the question of pacing in competitive bicycling. The system of pacing has undergone several changes in recent years, but is now about as unsatisfactory as ever it was. During 1895 pacing on the multicycle was permitted, but last year that was forbidden, and single pacing adopted as a substitute. This method, in turn, has not been found to fill the requirements, and it is proposed now to compel every competitor in a race to do a share of the pace-making. This will be a return to the original system, which was declared unsatisfactory, and, in consequence, followed by the employment of regular pacers. So far as past experience has taught, and by the light of which one may search the future, it looks as if any system of pacing would, for one reason or another, prove unsatisfactory. Its alleged benefits are certain to be misapplied, if not, indeed, misdirected, and back of the entire question is the earnest query why in amateur racing men should be paced at all. Such a practice is not tolerated in any other branch of amateur sport; why in bicycling? It was originally considered needful because of the habit of riders to loaf through a race, each unwilling to take the lead with any kind of pace, and all waiting until the last lap for the burst of speed which developed into a desperate sprint for the finish. This made the races very slow and uninteresting, so the regular pacer came on to the track, and with him came many corrupting influences. And the situation is as troublous as ever.

It seems to me that the only satisfactory adjustment of this question is through the establishment of classes of bicycle-racers, just as there are classes of racing-horses, and a time limit on every race. The invariable enforcement of a fair time limit would shortly put an end to "loafing" through a race, and do away with that other race-track evil—the pacer.

YET ANOTHER QUESTION is that of the bicycle-tournament promoter. Under the present laws of the L. A. W.



HOCKEY AT THE ST. NICHOLAS RINK, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE.

any man may apply for sanction of the Racing Board to hold a bicycle-racing tournament, give prizes, charge admission, and pocket the receipts. This has led to the creation throughout the country of race-meet promoters, who have no interest in the sport beyond its attractiveness as a money-maker. There are men who give bicycle-race meets just as they would provide any other form of amusement to which the public might be attracted in sufficiently large numbers to make the venture profitable. This has made the professional promoter an institution in amateur (*sic*) bicycle-racing, and has led to much scandal and corruption. Why such a strange and undesirable state of affairs should be permitted, the L. A. W. has not yet explained. The individual promoter is permissible in professional racing, but he should be forbidden to trespass upon the amateur field. There is much need of a law confining the giving of amateur tournaments to regularly organized clubs, and the L. A. W. will best provide for the welfare of the sport by spreading such a rule on record at its next meeting.

YET ANOTHER HARMFUL INCONSISTENCY of L. A. W. legislation is the rule permitting entry to both amateurs and professionals in the same races at the L. A. W. national championship meetings.

The championship of last year at Louisville proved the experiment uninteresting to the majority of spectators and unfair to all the amateur contestants. To bring together in competition for national honors men who follow racing as a profession, and consequently devote all their time to training, and men to whom racing is a diversion and apart from the serious work of their lives, is practically to close such events to amateurs. This is putting a premium on professionalism, to the discouragement of amateurism. And the L. A. W. is organized, I believe, to foster the sport of amateurs. If it is the policy of the L. A. W. to continue its jurisdiction over professional racing, the promoter's enterprise should be restricted to professional meets, and a separate series of events be provided for amateurs and professionals at the national championship meeting. As it is now, the "amateur" championships are held by professionals—which is embarrassing, to say the least of it.

APART FROM THE UNFAIRNESS to the amateur, and yet more important, is the ethical side of a rule that permits men who race for money and those who race for sport to compete together. There is nothing to be said in extenuation of such lax legislation, not to say indifference to the health of amateur bicycling. Other branches of sport, whose sponsors have had longer experience in these matters, have determined on the complete separation of amateurs and professionals as the only means to wholesome and permanent prosperity. This being so, as abundant evidence proves, it is only a question of time when distressing and entangling situations will, to save the sport from despoliation, compel the L. A. W. to legislation, which now it has not only the chance of making, but of thereby convincing us of its sincerity in the cause of wholesome sport.

Apropos of professional racing, it is instructive to study the trend of popular desire, as instanced by the racing programmes of last year. That amateur racing is preferred is shown by the report of a State Racing Board chairman, which records that during 1896 "forty-two race meets were held, at which 209 amateur races were run, and 30 professional events." As great a percentage in favor of the amateur is true of the entire country. Herein is contained a suggestion to the L. A. W. in National Assembly next month at Albany.

THE RACING BOARD of the L. A. W. has just made its official announcement of amateur records accepted for 1896, which we publish as supplementary to those printed in the January 9, '97, issue:

Records Accepted: Ten miles, unpaced, flying start, against time, 25 m. 24 s., and twenty-five miles, unpaced, flying start, against time, 1 h. 4 m. 20 s., by A. L. Hackenberger, Denver, November 16, 1896. Triplet, unpaced, flying start, against time, by G. G. Perrie, A. A. Gracey, O. F. O'Neill, Philadelphia, August 27, 1896—one mile, 2 m.; two miles, 4 m. 17 1-5 s.; three miles, 6 m. 29 s.; four miles, 8 m. 43s.; five miles, 10 m. 57 1-5 s.; six miles, 13 m. 12 s.; seven miles, 15 m. 28 1-5 s.; eight miles, 17 m. 42 3-5 s; nine miles, 19 m. 57 3-5 s.; ten miles, 22 m. 13 1-5 s.; eleven miles, 24 m. 28 s; twelve miles, 26 m. 45 s.; thirteen miles, 29 m. 2 2-5 s.; fourteen miles, 31 m. 7 3-5 s; fifteen miles, 33 m. 32 2-5 s.; sixteen miles, 35 m. 48 4-5 s.; seventeen miles, 38 m. 4 2-5 s.; eighteen miles, 40 m. 20 2-5 s.; nineteen miles, 42 m. 34 2-5 s.; twenty miles, 44 m. 50 1-5 s.; twenty-one miles, 47 m. 5 2-5 s.; twenty-two miles, 49 m. 22 s.; twenty-three miles, 51 m. 37 3-5 s.; twenty-four miles, 53 m. 50 2-5 s.; twenty-five miles, 56 m. 2 3-5 s.; twenty-six miles, 58 m. 15 2-5 s.; twenty-six miles 1373 1-3 yards, unpaced, flying start, against time, in one hour.

The Racing Board of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association has accepted the following '96 amateur records:

Quarter-of-a-mile tandem, against time, unpaced, flying start—Tucker and Bouke, Toronto, 24 4-5 s.

Two-mile tandem competition, standing start—L. E. Morin and A. Martineau, Montreal, 4 m. 43 3-5 s.

One-half mile, paced, flying start—J. Davidson, 52 2-5 s.

One-half mile, paced, standing start—J. Davidson, 57 4-5 s.

Claim was made by R. O. Blayney, Simcoe, for one and two mile paced competition records, but after investigation the Board decided the performance should be recognized only as attempts against time, and accepted his records:

One mile, paced, standing start, against time, 2 m. 3 1-5 s.

Two miles, paced, standing start, against time, 4 m. 21 s.

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, it is none the less a fact that the athletic atmosphere enveloping the majority of the small colleges in the northern part of New York State has always been saturated with professionalism. These institutions have shown as little regard for the ethics of amateur sport as ever I found displayed in the most distant and most benighted Western or Southern localities. And the plea of ignorance is not tenable in New York, where precept and example may be had every day in the week, and certainly not in the northern part of the State, where Cornell has been a zealous missionary of wholesome sport for several years. Yet some of the most noisome scandals have been developed in that very section. It is, indeed, extraordinary that these colleges, surrounded as they are by earnest workers in the cause of pure sport, should have steadfastly pursued their unhealthful way!

But these institutions were not without their missionaries, a few of whom were unremittingly devoted to reformation, and late last autumn their efforts were rewarded by a meeting at Utica for the purpose of revising rules and organizing a new and clarified State league. Six institutions were represented, each by a member of the faculty, an alumnus, and an undergraduate, as follows: Hamilton College—Professor W. H. Squires, George E. Dunham (of Utica), and J. M. Glass; Colgate University—Professor W. H. Crawshaw, W. E. Weed, '86 (of Utica), and L. J. Caldwell; Syracuse University—Professor E. J. Reddington, George H. Bond (of Syracuse), and R. B. Adams; Rochester University—Professor H. E. Lawrence, William Briggs (of Rochester), and Mr. Cubley; Union University—Professor J. L. Patterson, C. E. Franklin (of Albany), and Paul Canfield; Hobart College—Professor W. P. Durfee, J. M. Johnston (of Geneva), and F. H. Herrick.

THIS MEETING WAS THE RESULT of a faculty conference of the same colleges, held a month previously at Syracuse, when a plan for a new and healthier league had been outlined. At the first meeting resolutions had been adopted defining the scholarship requirements for athletic-team candidates, and were subsequently accepted by all save Syracuse, which took exception to the fifteen hours of recitations each week demanded of the athlete. At the Utica meeting this rule was modified, the number of hours being reduced to twelve.

The general sentiment of this meeting was for a new league and a thoroughly revised and improved set of rules, but I record with regret, though not with surprise, that Rochester, and to a less extent Syracuse, voted against nearly every reform proposed. Through the good work of Professor Squires of Hamilton, and Professor Patterson of Union, and others, however, the conference finally decided that a new league should be formed, to be governed by an Advisory Board, in which each college shall be represented by a member of the faculty, an alumnus, and an undergraduate. The officers of this board will be also the officers of the league, and the complete control of the affairs of the league, arrangements of schedules, management of annual inter-collegiate athletic events, appointment of officers, control of the league's finances, will be in the hands of the board. The following officers were elected. President, W. E. Weed, of Colgate, Utica; vice-president, F. H. Herrick, of Hobart, Geneva; secretary, Professor W. P. Durfee, Hobart, Geneva; treasurer, George E. Dunham, of Hamilton, Utica.

Rules adopted at Utica, November 28, 1896, to govern eligibility of players in the proposed Athletic League between Colgate, Hamilton, Hobart, Rochester, Syracuse, and Union were as follows:

1. No person shall be allowed to play on any team who is not a *bona fide* student of the college or university. A *bona fide* student is defined as one pursuing a regular course leading to a degree, or any other regularly entered student taking at least twelve hours per week.

2. No student shall be allowed to play on any team who has more than two-term conditions, unless the faculty of his college shall certify to the Advisory Board that such a man is properly qualified to enter the contests.

3. No student shall be allowed to take part in any contest who has forfeited his right to compete as an amateur by ever having—

(*a*) competed in open competition;

(*b*) competed for money in any athletic exercise;

(*c*) competed under a false name in any athletic exercise;

(*d*) knowingly competed with a professional for a prize, or where gate-money is charged;

(*e*) taught or pursued as a means of livelihood any athletic exercise;

(*f*) directly or indirectly accepted remuneration for engaging in any athletic exercise.

(This rule not to exclude students for playing on summer nines previous to its adoption.)

THESE RULES HAVE BEEN RATIFIED by Hamilton, Colgate, and Union; it is likely that Hobart will also subscribe to them. What may be expected of Rochester no man knoweth, but if she continues in the course hitherto pursued she will decline to join the league,—and be ostracized by all the other Northern New York colleges that believe in wholesome athletics. Syracuse will probably join Rochester in opposition to healthful college sport. It is a rôle to which both are accustomed. Rochester has given utterance to no specific objections to the new rules, and opposes them on the general principle of indifference to clean sport. Syracuse, however, refuses to join the league unless the Advisory Board changes the "twelve hours" of the last clause of Rule 1 to "ten hours," and the "two-term conditions" of Rule 2 to "conditions in ten hours of work." As neither of the changes will be made, Syracuse will remain an outcast in northern New York inter-collegiate athletics.

I call this to the attention of Cornell's athletic officers, who, I note, are proposing a dual track athletic meeting with Syracuse. If Cornell supports such indifference as Syracuse exhibits to wholesome legislation, we must conclude that Cornell is falling short of the standard hitherto maintained. A college must not expect us to have confidence in her athletic virtue if she associates with those having no regard for ethics. If Cornell's athletic team jeopards its status by competing with Syracuse, it cannot expect Pennsylvania or Princeton to take equal chances by agreeing to dual meetings.

DESPITE THE OPPOSITION of Rochester and Syracuse, the new league will be formed, and we are promised a rarefied atmosphere in the athletics of the small New York colleges. The rules are not so strict as the situation demanded, but they are such an improvement as to be a comforting assurance of better ones to come, and they proclaim four distinct gains for healthful athletics.

1. The league is a new one, not a reorganization of the old league of unsavory memory.

2. Professionalism is disposed of by adopting substantially the Inter-collegiate rules.

3. The "summer nine" men are hereafter disqualified.

4. The scholarship rule, if but a weak effort, is at least a step in the right direction, and the best that could be passed under the circumstances. Its simplicity is not its least recommendation.

Great difficulties beset the paths of the athletic reformers in northern New York, for there are not only the students to educate in the ethics of amateur sport, but, strange enough, the alumni, and, still more strange, the faculties also. So it was wisest to accept a small beginning, lest the reform movement be shattered or long delayed through excess of zeal in forcing by faculty compulsion stricter rules upon undergraduates. Every faculty can and should compel its own students to compete under certain rules, and Hamilton and Union have done so; but the other faculties are evidently not so completely in sympathy with wholesome athletics.

It is small wonder some of these colleges languish for patronage, when parents realize that their boys may not even be taught to be honest in their sport.

ALONG WITH THE REVIVAL of in-door athletics has come an added interest in hockey, which, beginning only a couple of years back, this winter amounts to that purely American burst of endeavor known as a "boom." Three years ago Boston and Chicago were about the only Eastern and Western scenes of the game's activity, but this season, wherever there is ice, out-of-doors or in-doors, East or West, hockey or ice polo, or both, are being played.

Hockey is shinney refined and immeasurably improved, and comes to us straight across the border from Canada. Ice polo is another development from shinney, and is played almost exclusively in New England, and especially is it the vogue in and about Boston. This game is frequently and erroneously referred to as American hockey by Canadians and by those in this country who play neither. In the method of play and in the object sought there is not a great deal of difference between the two games—but there is a difference.

Ice polo is played with sticks that are four feet long, and narrower at the striking end than the hockey clubs. The ball is rubber, about three inches in diameter, and the goal-posts are set six feet apart and are two feet high. In hockey the stick is longer and lighter, and flat and broader at the striking end, the ball is flat and round, of solid rubber, and called a "puck"; the goal-posts are four feet high and set five feet apart. A hockey team is composed of seven players—centre, right and left wing, centre forward, cover point, point, and goal; an ice-polo team has five players—two rushers, a centre, one half-back, and a goal-keeper. The object in both games is to drive the ball between the opponent's goal-posts. In hockey the "puck" is not struck, but shoved along, both hands being used to handle the club; "on side" is enforced, though blocking and interference are permitted; in ice polo the ball is struck. The nature of the play in ice polo is more tricky and individual, whereas in hockey team-work and fast skating are depended upon for success.

YALE WAS THE FIRST COLLEGE in the United States to take up hockey, and through the interest of its graduated players the game was introduced in New York last year. With the opening of the St. Nicholas Rink here, and the Clermont Rink in Brooklyn, a number of clubs were formed this winter and a schedule of games arranged. Thus far the St. Nicholas Club and the New York Athletic Club teams appear to be the strongest in this vicinity; both have defeated the Yale and Crescent Athletic Club teams, and have themselves played one tie game. Meanwhile the hockey interest has been spreading throughout the colleges. Princeton has organized a team, and in February, in the Clermont Rink, will play a series of three games with Yale; and Columbia is also to have a Yale match, at the St. Nicholas Rink in New York. Besides these games, Yale last Saturday was defeated 3 goals to 0 at the St. Nicholas Rink by Queen's University team of Canada.

Beyond doubt, the result of this winter's activity will be an inter-collegiate league, with a series of games for the next season.

Although around Boston ice polo has at present the larger number of devotees, it is altogether likely that hockey will eventually convert the best players, and its contests be regarded as the more important. Just now very little hockey is played outside of Harvard, but of ice-polo teams there is no end, there being a league for the club and college teams, and an interscholastic association for the school teams. Hockey is the more scientific game, with greater possibilities, but both are exhilarating sport, and suggestive of the out-of-door sentiment that has finally taken possession of we work-a-day Americans.

COMMENT ON THE SEASON'S FOOTBALL SCORES made by the five leading middle-Western colleges seeming not to have been in sufficient detail to satisfy Western readers, we therefore, by request, again take up the subject.

In ten games played, Michigan made 262 points to opponents' 11, defeating Minnesota, 6–4, and being beaten by Chicago, 6–7. Chicago University in eighteen games made 368 points to opponents' 76—defeating Michigan, 7–6; Northwestern, 18–6; playing a 0–0 tie game with Lake Forest; and losing to Northwestern, 6–46, and to Wisconsin, 0–24. Minnesota in nine games made 156 points to opponents' 24, losing to Michigan, 4–6, and to Wisconsin, 0–6. Northwestern in nine games made 147 points to opponents' 46, beating Chicago, 46–6, playing a 6–6 tie game with Wisconsin, and losing to Chicago, 6–18. Wisconsin in nine games made 208 points to opponents' 18, defeating Chicago, 24–0, Minnesota, 6–0, and playing a tie with Northwestern, 6–6.

Of the smaller institutions, Englewood H.-S. scored 6 points on Chicago; Carlton College and Iowa Agricultural each scored 6 points on Minnesota; Beloit, Physicians and Surgeons, each scored 6, and Illinois 4, points on Northwestern; Grinnell and Beloit scored each 6 points on Wisconsin. Lake Forest played a 0–0 tie game with Chicago. The only meetings of Eastern and Western college teams were those between Michigan and Lehigh, October 31, on which occasion Michigan won easily, 40–0, and in Chicago, December 19, between Wisconsin and the Carlisle Indian School, which the latter won, 18 to 8.

IN REVIEWING THE SOUTHERN FOOTBALL season recently, the confounding of two colleges of very similar names in Kentucky—to wit, Central and Centre—resulted in criticism of one, Central, which was meant for the other, Centre. We hasten to make correction.

Centre College (Danville, Ky.,) is much given to athletic professionalism, and was recently blacklisted therefor by the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association. Central University (Richmond, Ky.,) has for some time been one of the Association's most deserving members.

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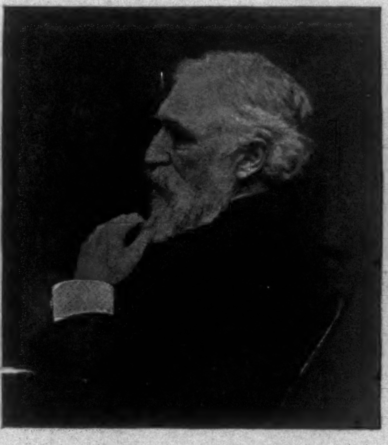

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